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IRELAND.

THE Fenian conspiracy is the most important political subject of the present moment, but it affords no room for discussion. As all Englishmen and all respectable Irishmen are of the same mind, it is useless to dwell on the folly or criminality of rebels who are quite beyond the reach of argument. The last week has thrown little light on the plans or resources of the insurgents. It is apparently certain that they are incapable of offering resistance to an armed force, but they may perhaps continue for an indefinite time to keep Ireland in a state of uneasiness. To-morrow, being St. PATRICK'S Day, has been selected by rumour as the date of a general rising; but insurrections seldom occur on a previously appointed and published day. It is well, however, to guard against a surprise, even if it were to take the form of an accomplished Fenian prophecy. It is possible that somewhere an attack on a town or a station may be successfully attempted; and as long as the police and the soldiers are not ubiquitous, rebels intimately acquainted with the country may take advantage of their absence. It is strange that leaders who were able to create simultaneous disturbances over the surface of several counties should not have contrived to overpower a single detachment by the concentration of irresistible numbers. The forcible seizure of arms in isolated houses was a waste of time, and it tended to prove the weakness rather than the strength of the insurgents. An army which has to find arms for itself before it begins operations produces no impression of terror. The rifles and revolvers which have been thrown away by Fenian fugitives are probably more numerous and more effective than the entire collection of miscellaneous weapons which has been found by marauding bands. It is happily difficult to commence a rebellion when the insurgents have not previous possession of the country. Midnight drills, with sticks for rifles, form an insufficient education for a soldier; and although small arms appear to have been distributed in considerable quantities, it is impossible to smuggle artillery. The assailants of the various police barracks appear to have been almost unaccountably wanting in the rudimentary virtue of physical courage. Irishmen are at least as brave as the men of any other nation; and it can only be supposed that the insurgents were demoralized by the consciousness that they were no better than an undisciplined mob. In one of the skirmishes, it is said that the rabble, with the exception of their leader, fired wide of the mark, without even looking at the object of their aim; and an analogous confusion of the objects to be attained by the insurrection probably perplexes the minds of the insurgents. The most unreasoning patriot must begin to suspect that the power of England is not to be overthrown by small parties concealed in the recesses of the south-western mountains. The inconvenience to the rebels themselves ought to outweigh the satisfaction which may be derived from the perpetration of mischief. There is no doubt that the upper classes have been rendered extremely uncomfortable, and that the country will have been largely impoverished by the cessation of commercial enterprise; but neither object seems to repay a week of exposure to wintry weather, with the contingent disadvantage of being shot or sentenced to penal servitude.

It appears not to be true that the conspiracy is confined to the lowest class of the community. The majority of the prisoners who have been taken are small traders and shopmen from the towns, with a sprinkling of artisans. The blandishments of American agitators seem to have prevailed chiefly among classes who listen to speeches and who read seditious newspapers. The inhabitants of the country districts may perhaps also be disaffected, but they are not equally forward in a dangerous undertaking. The proclamations of the anonymous ringleaders of the in-

surrection promised to restore the land to the occupiers who profess to be the rightful owners; but it is scarcely probable that the drapers' assistants who joined in the first outbreak in the neighbourhood of Dublin can have desired to become petty freeholders, as the result of a general repartition of the land. It is not known that the small tenant-farmers have in any district joined the insurrection, and the few labourers who have been taken assert, perhaps not with literal truth, that they have joined the rebels only under compulsion. If the land question proves to have had nothing to do with the outbreak, it will be difficult for the apologists of rebellion to supply their clients with a plausible excuse. There is no reason to suppose that the wages of shopmen would rise on the establishment of an Irish Republic; nor was the capital of their employers acquired by conquest or political confiscation. The other political and religious grievances which serve as a pretext for treason are comparatively unimportant. The Irish Church Establishment is certainly not a practical grievance of sufficient magnitude to form the principal motive of an armed rebellion. An insurrection without a material purpose may be most easily explained by some incidental reason. It is not improbable that the leaders may have hoped to stimulate the Fenian agitation in the United States, if not to secure the countenance of the Government, or of some political party. It is not forgotten that the late House of Representatives unanimously passed a Bill to abolish the laws of neutrality, for the avowed purpose of facilitating Fenian inroads on English territories. If the insurgents could obtain any advantage which might seem to convert a disturbance into a civil war, a noisy faction would immediately propose a recognition of the imaginary Republic. Mendacity will not be wanting to exaggerate the importance of the trivial disorders which have already occurred; and any collision which could by any possibility be described as a battle would assume gigantic dimensions in American reports. The politicians who have recently divided a third part of the United States into five military districts, to be absolutely governed by as many general officers, would be loud in their denunciations of the tyrannical selfishness which refuses to concede independence to Ireland.

The Government is well advised in refusing for the present to demand further extraordinary powers from Parliament. There has been little loss of life; the ordinary Courts are open, and the former Fenian prosecutions seem to show that Irish juries may be trusted to do their duty. The Government already possesses the indispensable power of restraining from mischief all persons who are suspected, on reasonable grounds, of complicity in the plot. The results of the premature leniency of last autumn are illustrated by the participation in the disturbances of nearly all the prisoners who had been released under Lord ABERCORN'S administration. Those who have been lately captured will be more rigorously detained, and many of their number will be brought to trial. Although the temper of the community in general is calm and moderate, there is but one opinion as to the punishment which should be inflicted on ringleaders convicted of high treason. Previous sentences appear not to have been strong enough to impress the imagination of conspirators; and intruders from foreign countries who have endeavoured to stir up civil war in Ireland are unlikely to receive the commiseration which they by no means deserve. If the insurrection should unhappily spread, it may become necessary to employ military tribunals under proper restrictions; but the institution of the anarchy which is called martial law ought to be the last resort of civilized Governments. The proposal that the LORD-LIEUTENANT should proclaim martial law without the authority of Parliament can only be excused by panic. Lord STRATHNAIRN and his officers would be the

first to decline the responsibility of punishing rebellion after suppressing it. If the question were to be seriously entertained, the history of the rebellion of 1798 would supply useful warnings. The savage violence which was exhibited on both sides has left behind rankling feelings which are even yet not finally obliterated. The cruel punishments which excited the indignation of Lord CORNWALLIS would perhaps not be imitated by a more scrupulous generation; but not two years have passed since a petty insurrection was suppressed with a severity which has since been almost universally regretted and condemned. Since the commencement of the Fenian disturbances, some advocates of vigorous measures have regretted the censures which have been passed on the late Governor of Jamaica, because the authorities in Ireland might be deterred by his example from adopting measures which were necessary for the public safety. An unfeeling statesman might, on the other hand, consider it in a certain sense a cause of satisfaction that a mischievous experiment was tried on a negro population. The victims of injustice in Jamaica deserve pity; but it would have been a greater crime and a more dangerous blunder to practise summary and irregular jurisdiction at the expense of Irishmen. Parliament will not fail to concede, as occasion may arise, all the powers which are necessary for the complete suppression of the rebellion. If Mr. WALPOLE's confidence in the ordinary law is justified by the result, his decision will be universally approved.

#### MINISTERIAL CONFIDENCES.

AT the beginning of the Session the public was inclined to accuse the Ministry of being unnecessarily mysterious. It was thought that the Cabinet must have a secret, and was keeping it back, and was trifling with Parliament and the country. We know better now. The Ministry was mysterious, not because it had a secret, but because it had not a secret. It told nothing, because it had nothing to tell. But even if there had been a little too much mystery at the beginning of the Session, no one can complain of this now. There never was such a communicative Cabinet; they tell all their secrets. Lord DERBY himself set the example, and now Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has finished up, and has told the electors of Droitwich every possible detail of their proceedings. The whole story is now before us; and if it is the object of Ministers to tell a story, however much against themselves, in a full, graphic, and interesting way, they have given themselves complete satisfaction. Although the previous narrators of the history of the Cabinet in its dealings with Reform have known very well how to put startling facts before us in a lively way, yet we like Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's account of the matter better than any other. It is more telling, and more precise. It brings home to us more exactly and vividly what happened. We had not correct dates and figures before. It was marvellous enough to know that a new scheme of Reform was adopted on the very day when the Cabinet informed Parliament of its intentions; but there is something vague even in this. The Cabinet might have devoted several hours to its important task. But we know now that the real pace at which the Cabinet moved was far more rapid. The Cabinet of Lord DERBY allowed itself exactly ten minutes to change the British Constitution. Nothing in the whole range of history beats this for singularity, and for a sort of quaint tragic-comedy. As Lord DERBY most justly observed in a recent speech to the Lords, a man who, as a Minister of the Crown, introduces a great constitutional change, does so under an awful responsibility. Certainly he does, and no Cabinet Minister hitherto known to history has thought that in ten minutes he could decide how the burden of this responsibility should be borne. Very soon, however, the Ministry saw that it had made a mistake. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON came before his constituents in a repentant state of mind. It is not very disagreeable confessing faults when those who hear the confession are so very certain to pardon everything as the electors of Droitwich are when it is Sir JOHN PAKINGTON who is the open-hearted sinner. Still, wherever the confession was made, it must have been followed by pardon. Knowing that Lord DERBY's Cabinet is a Cabinet that is capable of changing its whole policy on a subject of the very utmost importance in ten minutes, we all still wish it to continue in office. Why the Ministers have chosen to reveal every little incident that is most damaging to them may be a matter of curious speculation. Possibly Sir JOHN PAKINGTON may have hoped that his story of the ten minutes would be thought more damaging to Lord CRANBORNE and Lord CARNARVON than to himself. He may have wished to give a little parting kick to his late friends.

But, whether he has succeeded in this or not, he has at least told us the very worst thing against the Cabinet that he or any one else could have to tell; and as no revelation shakes us in the wish that the Ministry should go on, we may overlook all that has happened, except for historical purposes, and as a guide to our future estimate of the persons concerned.

But Sir JOHN PAKINGTON did not confine himself to the past. He spoke also of the future, and let his favoured constituents know very nearly all that the House of Commons is to know on Monday night. We know pretty nearly now what the Government Bill is to be like. We are to have a borough constituency of ratepayers. There is to be no question of the amount of rating or of rental. We are to have household suffrage, but apparently householders who do not pay their own rates are to be excluded. In boroughs, every man who has resided a certain length of time, and who pays his rates personally, and not through his landlord, will have a vote. But some of these persons will have two votes. There is to be a second qualification, and a voter will be allowed a vote in respect of each qualification, if he has more than one. Unless his words meant nothing, this is what Sir JOHN PAKINGTON evidently meant. The different schemes for cumulative voting which have been recently offered to the consideration of the public have been examined, it would seem, and rejected by the Ministry. Of one readjustment of our electoral system for the purpose of introducing a greater variety into the representation, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON did, however, speak with respect. Mr. COBDEN some years ago suggested that the areas of representation should be so changed and adjusted that no constituency should return more than one member. Theoretically, this is a most excellent scheme. The overwhelming arguments that apply to all schemes of cumulative voting do not apply to Mr. COBDEN's plan. Everywhere the majority would return the member, but the character of the different majorities in different places would be much more diversified than it is now. The only objection to the plan, of any weight, is the practical one that it would be exceedingly difficult to invent so many new constituencies without exciting great jealousy and suspicion. The division of a great town into Parliamentary wards, or the division of a county into Parliamentary sections, would be sure to vary greatly according to the wishes and interests of those who had the management of it, and would be thought to vary still more than it actually did. The opportunity for partisan dishonesty and manœuvring would be so great that no one would believe advantage had not been taken of it. Nor is it possible to disguise that it would be a step towards the establishment of electoral districts, which would be a change very much at variance with English traditions and the present state of English feeling. But, whether Mr. COBDEN's plan is good or bad, it is not likely that its adoption will be proposed on Monday evening by the Government. The plan of the Government is to give household suffrage to ratepayers, with a plurality, or duality, of votes; and although we have only silence to guide us, yet that silence is significant, and we may guess with confidence that no large measure of redistribution will be proposed. No Minister has ever spoken of a large measure of redistribution as a good thing, or as part of what is humorously called the original plan of the Ministry. Mr. DISRAELI has always been strongly against sacrificing the small boroughs, and it will surprise no one if the scheme of redistribution proposed on Monday is very much the same as that which was a part of the measure adopted in ten minutes by the Cabinet.

We will not attempt to pronounce any opinion on the new Bill until we see it. Reform Bills cannot be judged fairly until all their parts are taken in conjunction with each other. After we know the general outline of a scheme of Reform, we still do not know anything of its value until we try to find out how it will work. A figure or two makes all the difference. A scheme of compensation may be open to no other objection than that it is artificial and hard to work, and still harder to preserve; or it may be open to the objection that it is a rude and coarse means of giving rich men an advantage. The mere numerical importance of a change begins to vary at a very rapid rate the lower we go. The difference between the numbers which would be admitted at a 6*l.* rating and a 5*l.* rental, or the difference between one form of household suffrage and another, according as the personal payment of rates is or is not insisted on, can only be appreciated by a patient study. No one can pretend to judge of a Reform Bill unless he has at least done what Lord CRANBORNE did, and given a clear Sunday to it. To criticize a Reform Bill in ten minutes is to make a faint approach to the silliness of adopting a Reform Bill in ten



minutes. There are no terms used in discussing Reform which have a clear meaning in themselves. Household suffrage, which seems tolerably clear at first, is soon seen to have a great variety of meanings. How is the law to decide who is a householder? The simplest method of answering the question is to say that the rate-book must be the guide. But do we mean, by a householder, a man who is in a house and out again, who is on the list of ratepayers and off it, in a month or two? We feel that this is not what we mean; and then, in order to say what we mean, and what on consideration we feel we ought to mean, we find we have to answer a long list of puzzling questions. The only thing that can be fixed before we examine the actual provisions of a Reform Bill is the attitude in which we approach it. We ought to have made up our minds whether Reform is a good thing or not. Objections to any particular Reform Bill which would be objections to any Reform Bill whatever may be dismissed at once, and can have no place in the thoughts of those who have persuaded themselves that Reform is not only necessary but desirable. But, with this reservation, we may approach the new Bill as if the whole question were still an open one; and, judging of the proposal entirely on its merits, we may ask whether the measure will answer the ends which those who are anxious for Reform conceive it ought to promote.

#### THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THERE is no harm in the occasional statement of French official papers that Russia, France, and England are thoroughly agreed on the Eastern question. The contrary proposition would approximate more nearly to the truth, for England at all times, and France at the present moment, earnestly desire to postpone for an indefinite time the revolution which Russia is anxious to precipitate. Yet a quarrel is often adjourned, and sometimes settled, by dogmatic asseverations that both parties are really agreed. The policy of Russia is expressed or adumbrated in two or three published despatches which have lately been addressed to the English and French Governments. The courtesy and moderation of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's language deserve full recognition, especially as the polish of his manner is combined with perfect clearness of meaning. It seems that "the EMPEROR is animated with the most lively desire to prevent, as far as possible, the joint interference of Europe in the affairs of the Ottoman State," nor is it possible to dispute the justice of the opinion that such interference would weaken the Turkish Government. At the same time the EMPEROR thinks it the duty and the interest of the Great Powers not to remain idle spectators of the Cretan insurrection; or, in other words, to interfere. He therefore formally invites the London and Paris Cabinets to support his pacific endeavours; and in a second despatch, after professing his desire to act in concert with the English Government, he recommends, in general terms, the amelioration of the condition of the Christian population of Turkey. A third communication advances to a proposal of conferring self-government, or, as it is called, autonomy, on the Christian subjects of the Porte. "Without this it will perhaps be impossible to prolong Mussulman rule in Europe." An object so carefully cherished by Russia will not fail to be appreciated by the Western Powers. It is not injudicious to conceal a divergence or antagonism of policy under conventional phrases. The supposed concert of the three Powers is confined to the adoption of a joint remonstrance to the Porte on the real or alleged breaches of the Hatti-Humayoon or Imperial charter. The advice which was incessantly tendered by Sir STRATFORD CANNING is still applicable to Turkish affairs; and, as in former times, it will be but partially followed. A few occasional reforms may be introduced under the pressure of civilized Europe, but the Ottoman Government is unwilling or unable to extend equal justice to all classes of its subjects. The Western Powers acquiesce from time to time in an obvious necessity, and every new proof of misgovernment is agreeable to Russia, as an immediate or future excuse for interference in the affairs of Turkey. According to plausible rumour, the Russian Government has of late offered direct encouragement to all Christian insurgents who may desire to overthrow the Mussulman domination; and it is said that the Servians and the Cretans have been informed that Russia would prevent any other Power from supporting the SULTAN against subjects who may at any time revolt. It is certainly not true that any declaration of the kind has been approved by the Western Powers. England at least never cherished the intention of assisting the Porte to suppress an indigenous rebellion. It is true

that a conquered race, which, like the Goths of Spain, recovers its own land from a foreign possessor, establishes the best possible title to the succession which it has opened. In far less liberal days, the English Government abstained from offering any opposition to the Greek insurgents who ultimately obtained their independence; and Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Roumelia are, as far as England is concerned, perfectly at liberty to imitate the example of Greece. The only objection to the enterprise is the utter want of harmony amongst the various subject populations, and the strong probability that, in a civil war, the Turk might be victorious. The offer of Russia to keep the ring is ambiguous and highly suspicious. An open invitation to rebellion offered by a Great Power involves a contingent promise of support; and the excuses which might hereafter be offered for a transition from impartiality to officious aid are abundant and obvious. In the course of the struggle which the Russian Government anticipates and invites, it is highly probable that the Turkish troops might be guilty of excesses; and, in default of reasonable causes of complaint, the rebels would have no scruple in inventing grievances to be forcibly remedied by their powerful protector. It would be to prevent or avenge a massacre that Russian armies would enter insurgent provinces, and a philanthropic object would afterwards justify their stay. A provocation to revolt, followed by absolute neutrality, would be an act of levity which could not justly be attributed to such a Power as Russia.

The Duke of ARGYLL defended the policy of the Crimean war on the reasonable ground that the purpose of the allied Powers was, not to support the Ottoman Government, but to check the encroachments of Russia. As the two objects were inseparable, although the motives were distinct, the practical inference from the Duke of ARGYLL's argument is not easy to deduce. The occasion of his speech was the recent refusal of the English Government to protect the helpless part of the Cretan population against the consequences of the rebellion. Mr. DICKSON, the English Consul at Canea, had not been censured for his benevolent interference on behalf, not only of Cretan women and children, but of some fugitive insurgents. Lord STANLEY allowed that the circumstances might excuse a personal irregularity, but he steadily refused to repeat an act of intervention which tended directly to encourage the insurgents. The Athenian populace had not failed to interpret, by significant applause of the English Minister, a proceeding which had in fact been dictated by simple feelings of humanity. The Greeks are too acute to express gratitude for any service without a prospective view to future advantage. Whatever is said or done in their behalf in any part of Europe is repeated and remembered as a pledge of further assistance; and as it is not thought necessary to record qualifying statements or arguments on the other side, their friends who may happen not to be thoroughgoing partisans are cited as authorities for opinions which they may probably repudiate. The Duke of ARGYLL laid himself fairly open to Lord DERRY's criticism. An elaborate attack on the Turkish Government, delivered by an ex-Minister in the House of Lords, will be represented among the Greeks as an official declaration of sympathy with the Cretan insurrection, and with the revolts which are threatened in other provinces. The sympathy of a colleague and friend of Mr. GLADSTONE will be especially valued, and foreign politicians may be excused if they suppose that the Duke of ARGYLL represents the opinions of the entire Liberal party. There was no immediate occasion for his objections to Lord STANLEY's policy, unless he seriously wished that English vessels should be sent to rescue the supposed victims of Turkish oppression. It was even less necessary to frame an elaborate indictment against the Government of the SULTAN. It may be historically true that the Turks are still temporary settlers in Europe after an occupation of four centuries; but politically and diplomatically, since the peace of 1856, they are entitled to the formal respect which is paid to a legitimate Government. The Duke of ARGYLL in his place in the House of Lords is not an irresponsible speculator, but a statesman who is bound by the conventions of international law. He was himself a member of the Cabinet which conducted the war and negotiated the peace, and he cannot but be aware of the danger of reopening the Eastern question. The former dilemma between acquiescence in Russian encroachment and apparent encouragement of Turkish oppression would recur as soon as an invasion of the Ottoman dominions was renewed on the familiar and plausible prettexts.

Whatever may be the respective merits of Christians and Mahometans in the East, the Duke of ARGYLL was entirely mistaken in his apology for the Cretan insurrection. The

chiefs who met to prepare the revolt are described by the young gentlemen who translate despatches in the Foreign Office as the "Chamber of Deputies." The Duke of ARGYLL, who understands English and French, was not likely to indulge in similar indifference to notorious facts, but he mistook the character of the meeting when he supposed that the petition to the SULTAN expressed its serious purpose. It is not positively known whether the sudden susceptibility of the Cretans to chronic grievances was directly stimulated by foreign instigation, but the leaders of the enterprise from the first made no secret of their intention to exchange the sovereignty of the Porte for annexation to the Kingdom of Greece. Their petition to England, France, and Russia bore the same date with their ostensible petition to their own Government; and while the formal document recounted causes of complaint which might easily have been removed, the more serious memorial assumes the impossibility of redress except by a political revolution. When a woman remonstrates with her husband, and simultaneously institutes proceedings for a divorce, her pathetic appeals to affection and conscience would generally be considered superfluous. Lord DERBY denounced, in language which was not too strong for the occasion, the conduct of the Greek Government, or of the Ministers as distinguished from the KING, who seems to be, diplomatically as well as constitutionally, irresponsible. It will not, however, be easy to reach the Greek conscience if the Cretan enterprise ultimately proves successful. It is not yet known whether the French Government supports the Russian project of converting Crete into a nominal dependency of Turkey. England will probably not concur in a scheme which evidently tends to the rapid dissolution of the Ottoman Empire; but the Duke of ARGYLL's speech will be used as a proof that English opinion is no longer favourable to the cause of Turkey. The Cretan Mahometans seem, by the common consent of philanthropists, to be excluded from the sympathies which are attracted by their Christian neighbours. An unfeeling cynic might almost wish to see the Philhellenic doctrine tested by a single insular experiment. If the Mahometans should be massacred by the liberated Christians, doubts might arise whether it was desirable to repeat the process in all the Continental provinces. The fact that the Turks are in Turkey, though it is frequently overlooked, forms an important element of the Eastern question.

#### THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.

ANY possible Reform Bill must include an extension of the franchise, and a redistribution of seats; and the Bill which the Government is going to propose will also include some special scheme for giving a protection against the predominance of the working-class, or of any other class. And any Reform Bill worthy of the name must be framed as a whole, and regarded as a whole, and no one part of it can be looked at separately from the other parts. Still the extension of the franchise is the natural beginning and first element of a Reform Bill, and has always been so treated in the Bill of every Government. The discussion of details is at present quite out of place. Next Monday we shall know what the Government intend to offer to the country, and their plan must be judged entirely on its own merits. Meantime, however, it may be profitable to consider in a perfectly general way the real position of the country towards this first basis of a Reform Bill, and to ask how a large extension of the franchise is likely to affect England. The result would practically be very much affected if large schemes of compensation were adopted so as to give certain electors an artificial preponderance, or if there were a large redistribution of seats. Still, although we are aware that a theoretical result must in practice be modified, it is of importance to see what this theoretical result is, and to ascertain how we start when we proceed to schemes of compensation and redistribution. We need not speak of household suffrage in particular, or of a 5*l.* or a 6*l.* rating. Let us suppose only that in boroughs there is to be, as the Government is certain to propose, a very large extension of the franchise, and that the county occupation franchise is also greatly reduced; and as no one yet knows what the figure proposed will be, we will assume for the purposes of discussion that the figures adopted last year, but with the change from rental to rating, will be taken, and a 12*l.* rating franchise proposed for tenants in counties. What, apart from schemes of compensation and redistribution, would be the effect of such a change? No one can pretend to say with anything like fulness and certainty what this effect would be. But a sort of rough criterion of the result may be obtained by asking whether a franchise of household suffrage, or of something like household suffrage, in boroughs, and of 12*l.* rating

in counties, would be unfavourable and unfair, first, to the interests of the upper classes—of the rich and the educated and the noble and the socially distinguished classes, and of the people who virtually think as those classes do or wish them to do—and, secondly, to the interests of the Conservative party, and of the Conservative and moderate section of Liberals. The particular figures of the reduction are immaterial, and so are the particular persons who are to be comprised in the upper classes. But when a Reform Bill is spoken of in a vague way, people have generally in their head something like household suffrage in boroughs, and something like a 12*l.* rating in counties; and when they say that a Reform Bill containing such an extension of the suffrage would be dangerous, they generally mean that it would be dangerous to the sort of families who have local influence, and to the kind of men who can affect the decision of a Cabinet of educated, wealthy, and tolerably independent Ministers. It would be rash to say positively and without qualification that a Reform of such a kind would not be dangerous in this way, but there are many reasons for thinking that its danger may be easily exaggerated. A large reduction in the electoral qualification would still, we imagine, leave the upper classes and the Conservative or moderate party with a great hold on the country, and with many means of checking the predominance of those beneath them.

In the first place, would wealth and family influence and education have a special weight in the representation? We do not ask whether they would have an adequate weight, for no agreement about that could be hoped for. But would they have peculiar fixed advantages of their own, and would these advantages be large, definite, and of practical importance? The answer must be, we think, clearly in the affirmative. In the first place, one third of the English members would, as representing counties, be returned under a different franchise from that under which the other two-thirds would be returned. They would represent a comparatively wealthy class. They would be elected mainly by persons paying rents far beyond what the most richly paid of the labouring class in town or country can afford to give. This is a very great source of exceptional strength for the upper and middle classes. Every third member in the House of Commons must be one of themselves, under their influence, reflecting their feelings, sentiments, and prejudices, and addicted by every tie of honour and sympathy to the promotion of their interests. Surely if England were now for the first time to be a Constitutional country, and a new Constitution provided that one member in three should be elected by a system of voting which would secure that he should be the representative of the upper and middle classes, every one in other countries would be astonished that so anti-democratical a provision should ever be admitted. No one can suppose that, with a 12*l.* rating franchise in counties, any one except persons of great local wealth and eminence, or of great political influence, would have a chance of being elected. Whether the 12*l.* rating franchise would be in favour of the great Whig families or of the great Tory families may be a matter of doubt; but the head of a great Whig family quite as much represents wealth and birth and intelligence as the head of a great Tory family does. Nor is it merely that the county qualification would secure one clear third of the House for the members or allies of the families of considerable territorial proprietors; but the parts of England where the influence of these families most predominates have a very much larger share in the representation than their relative population would warrant. Hampshire, for example, county and boroughs together, returns exactly as many members as the West Riding of Yorkshire. Eighteen members sit for each. Wiltshire, again, with a population almost exactly the same as that of Westminster, returns eighteen members, while Westminster returns two. Let any one look at the list of the Wiltshire boroughs and seriously ask himself whether, if there were household suffrage to-morrow in them, the members would not be just as much the representatives of the upper classes as they are now. What chance would a democratic stranger with an empty purse have in Wilton, Calne, or Malmesbury? Absolutely none. The localities in which the upper classes—the persons of recognised wealth and family and education—have, and under a Reform Bill such as that we have spoken of would continue to influence or command at least one clear half of the House of Commons. That one half of the House is enough for the upper classes to have as a matter of certainty under their control, is a point as to which opinions may differ. It is not necessary to deny or admit that it is enough; but certainly a Constitution which secures one half of the representation for the upper classes cannot be called a Constitution of a very



Democratic or Red Republican kind. It may be necessary to contrive certain artificial schemes of compensation such as the Ministry are going, as was intimated by Lord STANLEY, to propose, in order to make it more certain that a class hostile to the upper classes, if such a class exists, shall not predominate over them; but, apart from such contrivances, it cannot be denied that the upper and middle classes start in the race for predominance with immense advantages on their side.

Schemes for redistribution may lessen these advantages, or they may not. The scheme included in the last Government proposal would not have lessened them at all. Out of thirty seats redistributed, fifteen were given to counties and one to London University. If the Cabinet happen to have ten minutes to spare between the services to-morrow, and think it worth while to knock off a totally new scheme of redistribution, based on different principles, and producing a totally different effect, it will be time enough to discuss it when we can be quite sure they have not abandoned it. Meanwhile the upper classes may content themselves with the thought that they have great securities against other classes, and that no extension of the suffrage that any one of weight and eminence has hinted at can make these securities anything but very considerable. Nor is it at all certain that the Conservative and moderate party would suffer as a party. It is in a minority now, and probably would be in a minority after a Reform Bill; but in most of the numerous centres of local influence, both counties and boroughs, Tory families would get on exactly as well as they do now. We do not know but what in some counties a Whig magnate might replace a Tory magnate, if the shopkeepers of country towns had votes. It is absurd to try to prove to the Conservatives that a Reform Bill will do them no harm whatever. But, speaking broadly, the Conservative party must retain its power. For its power rests partly upon its association with a certain number of eminent families, and partly upon its representing Conservative principles. As family influence generally will, we may be certain, remain powerful, the influence of Conservative families will also remain powerful. Nor is it at all likely that Conservative principles will fade away, unless of course the Conservatives, by some freak of fortune, happen to be very much in office. But if we mean by Conservative principles the body of political doctrine on which the Conservative party insists when it is in opposition, there is no reason to suppose that the persons holding these principles will not have great political influence. Even in very large constituencies, and amongst working-men, there is a great field for the triumph of Conservatism. It is an amazing assumption to take for granted that the working-man is, and will for ever be, the champion of intelligent progress. We cannot be sure that even obsolete Conservative doctrines may not regain a new life in constituencies supposed to be Liberal because they are democratic. The ghost of Protection may not be finally laid yet. The inhabitants of large cities will scarcely go in for dear bread just at present; but if there were universal suffrage in Cornwall at the present moment, and a bold Conservative were to hold out to electors hopes of getting a prohibitory duty placed on the importation of that foreign copper which, at present rates, will in a year or two close half the mines in Cornwall, he would stand an excellent chance of being returned. As we have said before, what we fear is not that the Conservative party will be impotent under an extensive Reform Bill, but that it will become degraded, and that its worst features will be the most prominent. It is for honest and wise Conservatives to struggle against this, but they certainly need not fear that their party will be swamped altogether.

#### ITALY.

THE present general election in Italy is an important crisis, and each political party has done its best to procure the return of a working majority in the Chamber. The Government has been very active, as it is to be feared that Governments always are in an Italian election. In appealing once more to the country, the present RICASOLI Ministry played its last card, unless, indeed, as its enemies assert, it has been keeping back for a final stroke the trump card of a *coup d'état*. Such sinister insinuations are probably without a shadow of foundation, but they serve to show the unhappy impression produced upon the public mind by Baron RICASOLI's latest acts. The vote of want of confidence which closed the days of the last Parliament was elicited by an arbitrary and unconstitutional act, on the part of the Executive, at variance both with the instincts of the nation and the liberal professions

of its recent Governments. General dissatisfaction with the Ecclesiastical Property Bill would sooner or later have led to a crisis, but the certain event was precipitated by a needless piece of Ministerial indiscretion. It almost seemed as if Baron RICASOLI was riding for a fall. His subsequent manifesto was couched in language which, if Italy were Prussia or North Germany, might have appeared ambiguous in the extreme. Allusions to the necessity of a "strong Government," to the misfortune of frequent changes of Ministry, and to the deplorable condition of national affairs, have a familiar ring about them, and might, as far as regards the verbiage, have been dictated, if not from Madrid or Vienna, at least from Paris or Berlin. It is, however, inconceivable that RICASOLI, or any other Italian Premier, should have seriously entertained the project of repeating the BISMARCK comedy upon a Florence stage. As there is a constitutional sense in which the Circular may be easily interpreted, and in which it has the merit of being strictly true, there is no excuse for insisting on a less favourable rendering of the passage. The character of RICASOLI himself is enough to throw a light upon it. Political stiffness is, and always will be, his bane. Whether addressed to the French EMPEROR or to his own Sovereign, to the POPE or to the people, his despatches invariably seem written with the most rigid of steel pens. An appeal to Italians to strengthen the hands of the governing power in Italy hardly, however, amounts to satisfactory evidence that, like all the rest of the world, Baron RICASOLI has been "Bismarkised."

Meanwhile the Clerical and the Republican sections of the community have not rested upon their oars. The exiled Bishops in various parts of the new Kingdom have for some time back been returning to their sees like flies after a shower. General GARIBALDI, upon the other hand—in obedience, it may be presumed, to the orders of the secret directory of his conscience—at the critical moment appeared in public at Venice, in the character of a performing lion; and has been thundering, according to his cue, against all reactionary renegades and priests. The invectives he so freely heaps upon the Papacy are not without their effect upon the Italian imagination, though couched in that extravagant anti-Babylonish strain which Continental revolutionists use sometimes in common with Evangelical expositors of the Book of Revelations. The declamations of the gallant General might more than once have led to admired civic confusion if the sinister cry of "Morte ai Preti," which was the natural consequence of his words, had not recalled him temporarily to his senses. The most muscular of patriots condescended to explain that Heaven does not desire the massacre of the most sinful of ecclesiastics, and that it is one of the glories of a Christian nation that it abstains from putting to death either the secular or the regular clergy. The mild rebuke was not without its influence, reason resumed her sway, and the softened crowd consented to assert their principles at the expense of the windows only of the priesthood. As it cannot be doubted that General GARIBALDI's Venetian tour was designed to effect a distinct electoral purpose, he deserves credit for having, in a moment of excitement, dealt quietly and temperately with the wider subject of the temporal power of the POPE. For the first time upon a democratic platform, Europe has listened to the flattering suggestion that the Roman question may possibly be left to solve itself. Such a recantation would do honour to the candour of the hero of Aspromonte if there were not reason to believe that the Italian party of action only postpone the Roman question because they have caught scent of another important question in the East, not to mention positive questions of imminence at home. The distant prospect of interference in the troubled politics of Servia, Thessaly, or Crete has not yet furnished a watchword to the party to which General GARIBALDI belongs; and there are domestic matters in plenty to occupy the attention of the new Italian Parliament. His tone indicates, at all events, that the Democratic party, as well as the Clerical, have understood the appeal to the country to put in issue what it really does—the fate of any future Ecclesiastical Property Bill that may be an amended edition of the last. Some such second effort to settle at one blow both the Catholic and the financial question RICASOLI is resolved, beyond a doubt, to make. His last measure, though anathematized by the POPE and assailed by the Ultramontane press, was on the whole more favourable to Rome than any other terms she is likely at present to secure. The voluntary system, coupled with a splendid initiatory dowry to the Church, would be no bad compromise for the Papacy. Israel would go free, spoil-

ing the Egyptians as she went. Whether or not the nation would permit it was the problem referred to the arbitrement of the ballot-box in this last election; and, in spite of their horror at the clerical system, the Clerical party in the North have silently supported the Cabinet. The result of the elections is regarded by some critics as a complete Ministerial triumph. This is a very sanguine view to take of it. Admitting that the extreme Left has been here and there conspicuously defeated, it does not follow that the defeat in one place has not been amply compensated by victories in another. Nor is anything more deceptive than the idea that all Moderates will prove also to be Ministerialists when they are tried in the Chamber. The new House has been returned for the express purpose of settling the controversy about Church property and the national finances; and until the Ministerial Bills on both subjects are produced, their fate, and the fate of the RICASOLI Cabinet, cannot be predicted. Absolutely to identify RICASOLI and order, and to suppose that there is nothing between the present PREMIER and anarchy of a wild revolutionary kind, is simply to fall into a foolish mistake.

Until the future position of the Catholic Church in Italy is determined all Italian legislation will be impossible. Ecclesiastical questions, in a country where the priesthood is or has been a powerful caste, always are of absorbing interest. France, for example, has spent the whole of the present century in a state of excitement about religious politics. Until the relations of the Papacy and Empire were roughly adjusted, the FIRST CONSUL saw that he could do nothing at all for his generation, nor will any Italian Government begin to command confidence till its final place in the Constitution, whatever it may be, has been assigned to Catholicism and its instruments. The RICASOLI Cabinet are fully aware of this evident truth. We cannot doubt that it has been pressed on them unceasingly by the French EMPEROR. NAPOLEON III. has never failed to see the necessity for a settlement of the ecclesiastical question in Italy, though it has been his cue, for purposes of his own, to make the settlement a compromise. The system of compromises of which he is so fond and blind a partisan fails everywhere when applied to grave and desperate controversies, and the French will no more succeed in persuading Italy to have a Catholic hierarchy still dominant in the new Kingdom than they succeeded in persuading Prussia to be content with half driving Austria from Germany. Two powerful motives impel the Italians against the Church. In the first place, they wish to deprive the Church of her intolerable influence; and, in the second, they sadly want her superfluous money.

#### THE CASE OF THE *TORNADO*.

ALTHOUGH Lord STANLEY has been able to give Parliament the information that, with the exception of eight persons, the crew of the *Tornado* has at length been released, the conduct pursued by the Spanish Government in the matter may still lead to a very serious difference between Spain and England. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the case should be calmly and impartially studied here, and that we should clearly understand where it is that the Spanish Government has been in error. That the *Tornado* was lawfully seized by Spain is indisputable; for a belligerent may seize any neutral vessel, and bring her before one of its own Prize Courts, provided that it acts *bonâ fide*, and not from an obviously groundless suspicion, or with an intent to needlessly annoy and injure. In this particular case there is very good reason to think that the vessel seized might have been justly condemned. The evidence against her was very strong. She had been sent from Glasgow to Hamburg, and thence to the Faroe Islands, and there she met a small vessel with munitions of war, she herself being obviously built for a vessel of war. The Danish authorities, however, interfered, and the crew of the *Tornado* refused to allow her to receive a cargo altering the nature of their voyage, and subjecting them to the risks of belligerents. She went on to Leith Roads, and there, on the representations of the Spanish Legation, she was narrowly watched, and searched to see if she was taking, or had taken, on board cannon or sailors for the Chilian service. No evidence could be discovered against her, and she was allowed to depart, our Foreign Office informing the Spanish Minister that there was nothing to call for the interference of HER MAJESTY'S Government. She left Leith Roads on the 10th of last August, and reached Madeira, where she coaled, and where the *Gerona*, a Spanish frigate, was lying in wait for her. She went out of her due course, as if to escape observation, and was captured

within a few hours after she had left Funchal. According to the law as laid down by American writers on international law before the civil war, a neutral is at liberty to sell a ship of war to a belligerent, provided he does not equip it or prepare it for taking part in any operation of war. According to this doctrine Lord STANLEY was technically right. The owners of the *Tornado* had a right to send her to Chili, taking the risk of her being captured as contraband, and the duty of the English Government was to do exactly what it did, and see that there were no warlike stores on board her. The precedents, however, which were set during the American civil war may perhaps be taken to have altered the rules of law previously recognised; for we detained the rams because they were ships of war destined for the service of a belligerent, although they had no warlike stores on board. And there were many grounds of suspicion in the case of the *Tornado*. She had tried to take warlike stores on board, and she was the same ship once so notorious under the name of the *Pampero*. It may be doubted whether she would have ever left Leith Roads if the American war had been going on, and she had been destined for the Confederate service, although she had no warlike stores on board. In any case, however, the Spanish Government was quite entitled to seize her, for although she might not be offending against our neutrality laws, she was clearly contraband of war if her destination was Chili; and, although this destination was not strictly proved, yet the presumptions collected against her by the Spanish Government were so very strong that, had she been condemned by a proper procedure, we should have no ground whatever for remonstrating against her condemnation.

If, then, we object to the course taken by the Spanish Government, we do not in the least deny that it was perfectly entitled to seize her; or that, if she had been condemned by a proper method of procedure, the condemnation would have been perfectly justifiable. The ground of complaint is, that the method of procedure adopted was a wholly improper one. It was improper mainly because the vessel was condemned without her owners being in any way heard, or being allowed to know on what evidence she was condemned, or being allowed to tender evidence of their own. There were two subsidiary causes of complaint on this head—namely, that the Court was not properly constituted according to Spanish law, and that the decision of the Court was needlessly and vexatiously delayed. But it is not necessary to dwell very minutely on either of these topics. If the Spanish Court that actually took cognizance of the case had behaved properly, it would be, so far as foreigners are concerned, a matter of indifference whether, according to Spanish law, the tribunal ought to have been composed of different persons. As to the delay, the decision was given in four months from the capture, and it is hard to say that this was an unreasonable length of time, although undoubtedly greater despatch might have been used. But the main ground of complaint is so important that we may attend to it alone. The method adopted was this. Depositions obtained from the crew, and such other evidence as could be collected, were put before a law official called the auditor, and he made a long and very elaborate Report on the whole case, giving his reasons why he thought the vessel ought to be condemned, putting as unfavourable a construction on the facts as possible, and importing into the consideration of the case a great number of unproved statements and a large amount of newspaper gossip, which would not be evidence at all according to the English system. This is, however, the Continental way of arriving at justice, and there does not appear to be anything in the Report of the auditor to which substantial exception can be taken. It is a document after the Continental fashion, and not after our fashion; but we cannot insist that the English rules of evidence, which are highly artificial and founded on a theory capable of being strongly attacked and strongly defended, shall prevail over all the world. We do not see that, up to the date of the submission of this Report to the Prize Court sitting at Cadiz, there is much to object to in the proceedings as regards the vessel. But the Prize Court, having received this Report, bearing date December 6, proceeded to deal with the case in a manner wholly unjustifiable. Nine days afterwards, on December 15, without having taken, so far as appears, any steps to sift the evidence on which the auditor had based his Report, without having allowed the owners any opportunity of stating their case and adducing evidence in their favour, without any public sitting, or any warning or notice to any one, it suddenly issued a decree condemning the vessel. Lord STANLEY remonstrated in the most decided terms on the monstrous injustice of this proceeding, and set aside with proper



contempt the plea of the Spanish Government that the owners were at liberty to appeal. This is no sort of answer to the grievance that their vessel has been taken from them by a Court that acted entirely behind their backs, and without giving them a chance of being heard. If any Court is allowed to proceed in this way, all may be. There is no security for justice at all in a country where such things are allowed. The Spanish Government urged that each nation must be allowed to settle its own methods of procedure; but the action of a Prize Court is very different from that of an ordinary municipal tribunal. The neutral sovereign permits a belligerent to seize the ships of his subjects, and adjudicate on them, because the belligerent Government is bound to give compensation if a vessel has been wrongly seized. But if the Court which adjudicates proceeds in a manner that amounts to a total denial of justice, the neutral cannot consent that seizures shall be made. There is nothing except fear of England to prevent a Spanish man-of-war seizing one of the Dover steamboats with all its passengers on board, carrying it to Cadiz, and having it condemned by a tribunal that listens to no evidence or representation, but simply issues a decree of condemnation. This is an intolerable invasion of the rights of neutrals, and no great maritime Power like England can for a moment consent that the property of private persons shall be confiscated in this way.

The other charge against the Spanish Government is that the crew of the *Tornado* were ill-treated, and were detained as prisoners for months after the vessel was brought into port. The evidence of ill-treatment does not appear to be very strong. The crew received the treatment of ordinary Spanish sailors. They were very badly accommodated, and very badly fed; but the Spanish Government succeeded, we think, in showing that the ordinary Spanish sailor is filthy, dirty, and half-starved, and that the English sailors were only treated as the crew of their captor was treated. There were also many little circumstances of a vexatious and annoying kind, that naturally made the sailors think themselves ill-used. They were kept in a part of the harbour unfavourable to comfort and health, and they were not allowed to communicate as freely as they ought to have been with the British Consul. The Spanish officials, too, whose duty it was to collect evidence from them relative to the character and destination of the vessel, used both threats and promises to extract condemnatory evidence from them. The men, even if they were to be detained as prisoners, certainly suffered more than it could be right they should suffer; but the chief grievance of which they have to complain is, not that they were treated badly, but that they were treated as prisoners. A whole ship's crew of English sailors were virtually treated as prisoners of war for six months because they were sailing in a vessel which, though nominally sailing for Rio Janeiro, was supposed to be intended for Chili. The Spanish Government appears to have known that this was unjustifiable, and so early as the 21st of November stated that it was disposed to set the crew at liberty; but the fact was that the detention of the crew was a very popular act in Spain, and the Ministry did not choose to forfeit its popularity merely to please England or to do justice to Englishmen. It detained the crew on the pretence that they might be necessary to give evidence, and that no one could say which of them would be wanted. The Government might in time arrive at a knowledge of its own requirements, and might be able to say which of the sailors it would want as witnesses, and which it would not. Then the owners might want others, and some day, in some remote contingency, the owners might be allowed to give evidence, and if those of the sailors they wanted had been released, the owners might have said that they had been injured. It was therefore out of a tender regard for the interests of the owners, whose vessel had been condemned behind their backs, that the Spanish Government detained a whole crew of Englishmen for a period which would have been altogether indefinite had it not been for the urgent remonstrances of Lord STANLEY. Throughout the whole affair Lord STANLEY has behaved with great judgment and firmness, and we may add courtesy, except that on one occasion it seemed like pushing courtesy into what is vulgarly called chaff, when, three days after the vessel had been allowed to leave England, Lord STANLEY wrote a most polite note to the Spanish Minister in London, asking if the Minister could furnish any further reasons why she should be detained. The matter ought to be settled very easily if the Spanish Government is at all reasonable; it has only to give the owners a fair hearing, and the vessel will, we may anticipate, be most justly condemned. The sailors who have been imprisoned unjustly should receive a moderate compen-

sation, and England can give way on neither of these points; but so long as justice is done us we may make things as pleasant for the Spanish Government as possible, and give it as handsome an opportunity of getting out of the scrape as we can.

#### THE STATE OF PARTIES.

IT may be doubted whether political parties have ever been in so absurd a state of confusion as at present. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI have, to the horror of some of their followers, passed round the flank of the Liberal line, and taken up a position in its rear; or perhaps it might be said more accurately that they have intimated an intention of executing a manœuvre which may, after all, be found too anomalous to be practically attempted. A fortnight ago, the residuary portion of the Cabinet had adopted the scheme of household suffrage, to be counterbalanced by certain checks which, according to Lord STANLEY, would deprive the measure of any dangerous character. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has, in plainer terms, informed his constituents that one of the securities is the unpopular scheme of a double vote. While those who adhere to the Government think it best, in their consternation, to prove their loyalty by unhesitating obedience to their leaders, a large part of the House of Commons is still more painfully surprised. The nature of any communications which may have passed between Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. DISRAELI is not publicly known, and any conjectural version will be open to contradiction; but Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps regards with some indignation an exchange of Parliamentary confidences which formed an effective argument against last year's Bill, when a secret concert with Mr. BRIGHT was inaccurately imputed to himself. The wonderful course adopted by the Ministry has for the moment effectually perplexed an Opposition which, having been prepared at the opening of the Session to urge on sluggish Reformers, is scarcely certain whether it may not soon be required to defend the Constitution. Mr. GLADSTONE's prudence and moderation have been severely tried. It is possible that he may regard with uneasiness the consequences of any rash innovation. By overthrowing the Ministry he would secure to himself the future conduct of the measure; and even if the members of the present Government were inclined to oppose him, Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI have, in legal phrase, admitted themselves out of Court. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON makes their conduct ludicrous by his statement that the Cabinet, on a certain day, was forced to determine the future Constitution of England at ten minutes' notice. The conduct of the Ministers must have tended to heal the recent divisions in the Liberal party.

Lord RUSSELL has not been able to restrain the expression of feelings which may perhaps be shared by Mr. GLADSTONE. The House of Lords was amused by a characteristic notice of motion for returns, which were intended to show that the working-classes had not been really disfranchised by the Act of 1832. It would be difficult to select any question which was more entirely devoid of historical interest and of present importance. Preston and Coventry and Orator HUNT serve to point a few of Mr. DISRAELI's sentences, but no other English politician affects to lament the untimely doom of the freemen and potwallopers of former times. It may or may not have been a mistake to establish a uniform franchise, but the working-classes exercised no perceptible influence on public affairs in the days of rotten boroughs. Lord RUSSELL observed, with perfect truth, that Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord CASTLEREAGH were not enthusiastic Reformers. The extraordinary proceedings of the Government appear to have reduced Lord RUSSELL himself to a similar condition. The greater part of his speech was occupied with proofs of the inimitable perfection of the Act of 1832, and he went through Mr. Lowe's familiar illustrations of the exploits of the Reformed Parliament. It is true that Lord RUSSELL also took credit for several abortive attempts to renew the triumphs of his earlier years, and those peers who may possibly have wished to hear of 1852, of 1854, and 1860 found their curiosity gratified. Lord RUSSELL's original object was perhaps wholly antiquarian and autobiographical. His inexhaustible interest in the details of the Reform Act, and his antipathy to the Chandos clause, have on former occasions rendered him insensible to the coldness of a weary audience. After his notice of motion had been given, the Ministerial explanations of last week recalled Lord RUSSELL's attention to the more urgent question of an extensive reduction of the franchise. Even the memory of his former exploits was effaced in his anxiety to deprecate the establishment of household suffrage. The crowds who have passed votes of thanks to Lord RUSSELL

will be disappointed with his opposition to the measures of the present Government. Lord DERBY amused himself with the obsolete proposal to inquire into the operation of the first Reform Bill, but he had no defence against the charge of having undertaken to legislate in a panic.

The future combinations of parties are uncertain, and old alliances are virtually dissolved. Lord DERBY has announced his intention of withdrawing from the head of the party which he has guided for twenty years, and Mr. DISRAELI has perhaps at length rendered himself impossible by trying too severely the allegiance of his docile followers. Above all, a general concert of Liberal opinion demands the tardy abdication of Lord RUSSELL. A statesman who has neither forgotten the Chandos clause nor learnt that all the rest of the world has forgotten it is not suited to the management of contemporary politics. The party has sometimes placed a hesitating confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE; but, in default of any rival candidate, it is generally wished that the inevitable leader should be supported, and at the same time restrained by the responsibility which can only belong to the highest political rank. The precedent of Lord PALMERSTON is not strong enough to justify a perpetual preference of Ministers far advanced in life. Lord RUSSELL has none of the gaiety of spirit or of the superficial sympathies which made his predecessor universally popular. Lord PALMERSTON was little disposed to dwell on his youthful achievements, and Lord RUSSELL cares for nothing else. His retirement might be gracefully occupied in imaginary combats with wicked promoters of Chandos clauses, or with more criminal opponents of Reform. The House of Commons and the country have more pressing matters to consider, and they wish to be guided by a statesman who lives in the present. There is, however, reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE shares the alarm of Lord RUSSELL at Mr. DISRAELI's precipitate legislation.

If Mr. DISRAELI loses the confidence of his followers, the Conservative party will probably split into two sections, respectively led by Lord STANLEY and Lord CRANBORNE. Two able members of the same party have seldom been so diametrically opposed in opinions and in general tendencies. Lord CRANBORNE, free as he is from political bigotry, instinctively opposes change, while Lord STANLEY is a consistent utilitarian. The agitation on Reform has divided parties by transverse lines, because many unprejudiced politicians believe that the influence of a numerical majority would be exercised in a retrograde direction. Lord STANLEY perhaps differs little in opinion from Mr. LOWE, although he is more cautious in avowing unpopular doctrines. Both statesmen would be zealous in reforming secular abuses, and they would be equally incapable of being misled by extravagant reverence in dealing with ecclesiastical affairs. The intelligent minority has hitherto been usually the source of improvements which might perhaps be found impracticable under the supremacy of the multitude. Lord CRANBORNE has adopted the opinions and feelings of the thorough-going and imaginative Conservatives; and so long as the higher classes are represented in Parliament by members of their own body, there will always be a conscientious party of resistance. It is not often that an able, versatile, and liberal-minded leader is found to sympathize as heartily as Lord CRANBORNE with the commonplace creed of his followers. On Lord DERBY's retirement he will almost certainly place himself at the head of the more genuine Conservatives, while Lord STANLEY will rather seek to convert his party to practicable and popular opinions. After the fall of the present Ministry, the different sections of Opposition will have time enough to remodel their organization before their return to office.

While Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE are proclaiming or concealing their alarm at the policy of the Government, a natural curiosity attends the movements and the language of Mr. BRIGHT. No other political leader has any triumph to boast, and Mr. BRIGHT is probably not ashamed of the intimidation which has brought his professed enemies to his feet. Yet it is supposed that Mr. BRIGHT himself has received the tidings of Mr. DISRAELI's conversion with a certain amount of surprise and disappointment; and it is possible that, notwithstanding the violence of his language, he may have been willing to assent to a comparatively limited measure. A mere levelling scheme, diversified with nominal securities, would almost certainly end in the removal of all restrictions. Mr. BRIGHT has never yet asked within the walls of the House what Mr. DISRAELI was ten days ago willing to concede; and if a third Bill should ultimately take the place of the project which was expounded to the party meeting, it is by no means certain that Mr. BRIGHT would disapprove of a 5*l.* rating franchise. The ringleaders of the

sedition mobs in Trafalgar Square are beginning to distrust their sole Parliamentary leader; and the small section in the House of Commons which follows the lead of Mr. BRIGHT is probably not disinclined to a compromise.

#### AMERICA.

IT is difficult to interpret the scraps of information which are forwarded from New York by the Atlantic cable. Some sensation has been caused in England by the announcement that the new House of Representatives has appointed a Committee on Foreign Affairs to consider the Confederation of the North American provinces. A part at least of the statement is obviously untrue. It might, in the same sense, be alleged at the beginning of any Session that the House of Commons had appointed a Committee to consider whether a particular set of returns were worth printing in a blue-book. Such a question might probably be referred to the Committee on Printing, without constituting the exclusive object of its existence. The standing Committees of both Houses of Congress form a more important element in the system of legislative action. There is in either House a standing Committee on Foreign Relations, and the members must undoubtedly have been appointed in ordinary course at the commencement of the Session. It is usual to refer to the Committee all questions which fall within its department, and nine-tenths of the troublesome motions which might interfere with international harmony are finally shelved by the reference. Those who have observed the course of the Republican party must have expected that so beneficial a measure as the Canadian Confederation would excite the patriotic susceptibility of more than one member of the House; and if any complaint of the danger threatened to the Union by the neighbourhood of a considerable colony has been urged in the House, it has probably been sent to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Chairman in the last Congress was Mr. BANKS, who professes to be a bitter enemy of England; and if he has been reappointed, he may perhaps report against the Confederation; but Mr. SEWARD himself will hesitate to interfere in a matter of purely domestic concern. It would be unworthy of the United States to imitate the exploded French doctrine, that a great country has an interest in the divisions and weakness of its neighbours. The recent success of the American Government in compelling the French troops to evacuate Mexico forms no precedent for an officious remonstrance against Canadian union. The Mexican Empire had been established by foreign arms for the avowed purpose of raising up a rival on the Continent to the United States; but the English colonies will certainly not become formidable to a greatly superior Power, and a measure which tends to accelerate their independence ought not to be distasteful to the professed enemies of European influence. There is no reason to suspect that any American party at present wishes for a quarrel with England, and occasional discourtesy of language need not be overheard. It is not improbable that the Fenian disturbances will provoke sympathetic eloquence in Congress, but it is not likely that the insurrection will receive official assistance.

Congress has been more seriously employed in domestic legislation. The extravagant tariff which was adopted by the House of Representatives has been defeated for the present; and the Bill for establishing military Governments in the South has been passed over the veto. The PRESIDENT has prudently appointed commanding generals who possess the entire confidence of Congress. Mr. SUMNER has been defeated in the Senate in an attempt to impose still harder terms on the conquered States; and it is said that the generals in command of districts are immediately to summon Conventions for the enactment of new State Constitutions, with a view to the early abandonment of military government. As the Act of Congress deprives all who took part with the Confederacy of the right of voting for delegates to the Convention, the proposed Constitution must be passed by negroes, with the aid of a few renegade white citizens, in each State. The same disqualification is to form a permanent part of the Constitution, so that electors, representatives, and senators will not only fail to express the opinion of the State, but they will act in direct hostility to the vast majority of the former citizens. It matters little whether sham Constitutions enable fictitious representatives to take their seats in Congress. A more serious grievance to the people of the South will consist in the establishment of State Governments which will be wholly independent of their choice. It is reported by the enemies of the South that freedmen and Unionists receive but



scanty justice from juries, and from judicial and executive officers. There is perhaps some foundation for the exaggerated stories which are told, and it may at least be assumed that a Republican partisan is universally and reasonably regarded as a public enemy. But the evil will scarcely be cured by reversing its operation. A Government elected by liberated slaves, and supported by black policemen, and perhaps by a black militia, will probably not be unwilling to take vengeance on the white population. The experiment will, however, be dangerous if it is attempted without military support; and if the Southern States are to be governed for Northern purposes, the only possible instrument of administration must be the Federal army. It would be a simpler proceeding to perpetuate direct military rule than to erect nominal Governments which can only be maintained by force. The antagonism which has been created between the two races in the South might perhaps have been avoided if the President had persuaded Congress to leave the freedmen to arrange their relations with their former masters. Even if universal suffrage had been combined with universal amnesty, the theoretical absurdity of extending votes to the mass of the negro population might have been corrected in practice by the irresistible influence of the superior race. The Republicans foresaw with perfect accuracy that any form of Southern representation would reduce their majority in Congress by the whole number of Southern members. They may be excused for their reluctance to admit their opponents to a share of power, but they have been compelled to fall back on the sole alternative of military despotism.

Many benevolent advisers of the South have dwelt on the error which is supposed to have been committed in the rejection of the Constitutional Amendment and of subsequent proposals of compromise. The Sibyl has once again served to illustrate the consequences of obstinacy, as the conditions of reunion have been aggravated even more rapidly than the price of the famous prophetic books. Under the Constitutional Amendment the people of the South might have sent any representatives to Congress except those who alone possessed the confidence of their constituents; and even at the close of the late Congress the disfranchisement of the white population would perhaps not have been carried if the Democrats had been willing, on behalf of their absent clients, to acquiesce in the provisional establishment of arbitrary rule. Yet it is not always the interest of the oppressed to check the extravagance of their persecutors. The American Sibyl is not a mysterious and irresponsible personage, wholly unconcerned in the sale of the sacred volumes, but the governing body of a divided Republic, which urgently demands reunion. If the Constitutional Amendment was an equitable solution of existing difficulties, every additional punishment and disability is an act of injustice and of imprudence. Additional hardships may be inflicted by an enemy as a consequence of prolonged resistance; but domestic legislation is concerned with general expediency, and with the maintenance of the rights of all parties. The Confederate soldiers ought or ought not to be allowed to share in the government of their respective States; nor can they have forfeited a reasonable claim by the refusal of the local Legislatures to adopt the Amendment. Sooner or later the Sibyl will be anxious to find a customer for her wares; and it is highly probable that within a few years the people of the South may, by alliance with some Northern party, be able to dictate their own terms of readmission. The question is only to convert a minority of nine-twentieths into a bare majority, and although the reaction has not yet visibly begun, it will be brought nearer by every measure which displays intemperance or injustice. There is much to be said for thoroughgoing tyranny, even when it stops short of extermination; but Americans are not adapted by character or tradition either to persecution or to helpless submission. In two or three years there will be many thousands of white citizens of the South, who, being too young to have taken part in the war, can scarcely be excluded by any test from a share in public affairs. It is not desirable to cultivate the deepest resentment in the minds of a generation which will survive military government. The sons will have the opportunity of revenging the wrongs of their fathers, and it is idle to suppose that they will allow themselves to be swamped by hordes of negroes. During the continuance of direct military government, or of protected usurpation, no progress can be made towards peaceful reunion. The Sybil and the purchaser might as well have adjusted their bargain without a preliminary quarrel.

#### THE VIRTUOUS SYMPATHIES OF THE MOB.

IT is well known that the sentiments of the gallery in any English theatre are always on the side of morality, and that nothing is so sure to elicit a round of applause from that distinguished quarter as a humble testimony to the splendour of virtue or a bold denunciation of the wickedness of vice. When the ideal British sailor advances to the footlights, and, glancing at the gods above, delivers it as his deliberate opinion that base indeed must be the man who lifts his hand against a woman, he may calculate with absolute certainty upon the enthusiasm of his audience. It is dangerous in these days, as Mr. Lowe has discovered to his cost, to reflect upon the moral qualities of the lower classes; but perhaps it is pardonable, as well as reasonable, to assume that in life and conversation the gods are at least as frail as the inhabitants of the boxes. This being so, their appreciation of the abstract beauty of propriety is all the more remarkable. Nothing could be warmer or more delightful to a social philosopher than the sympathy they lavish on the victims, and the obloquy with which they overwhelm the villain, of the plot. A stranger to their habits might find it difficult to believe that the noble-minded but ragged critics who cheer so vociferously when the principal ruffian in the play finally relapses into temperance at the instigation of his injured family, and who are so pleased when the curtain falls upon a bright family group of husband, wife, and children all collected round the domestic tea-kettle, do occasionally, in spite of their sentiments, indulge in an orgy, in the course of which the marine maxim of not lifting a hand against a woman is not invariably observed. He would be surprised to learn that those whose hearts are in the right place are not rigidly particular as to their hands, and that the fumes of the morality inspired by the gallery precincts evaporate very soon when the gods descend into the streets. Historians who hereafter happen to have no other indication of the standard of morality among the English lower orders than the fact that Marshal Haynau was nearly torn to pieces by a London mob on the supposition that he had been privy to flogging women in Austria, will never guess by their own unaided lights that London mobs, when they dissolve into private life, do not act up to so severe a standard, and that, if women in England are secure from the military cat, they are not unfamiliar with the terrors of the hob-nailed boot, the poker, and the water-jug. Contemporary observers are not imposed upon by the homage which is paid by the British mob to abstract principles. The fact, however, remains that the British mob in public is very fond of virtue; and one result is that the papers which provide literary food for it are preternaturally virtuous in their tone. The merits of the gallery come to be reflected upon the penny-a-liner, and perhaps, next to the "gods" of an English theatre, the penny-a-liners of an English paper are the most high-minded persons living. Like the chorus in the Greek tragedies of which Horace speaks, they are invariably on the side of right. The oppressed labourer who is fined for working on Sunday by a rural Chairman of Petty Sessions, the injured husband who has been dragged by a guilty wife into the police court, and every one who is a victim of injustice, will always find the penny-a-liner upon his side. He deals out inflexibly to the seducer or the oppressor the same rough and stern justice which the proceedings of Marshal Haynau appeared to Messrs. Barclay's draymen to deserve, and vice has no chance at all under the castigations administered by his pen. Perhaps when his work is over, and he retires for the night, he is not much better than his other erring and sinful fellow-creatures; but next morning he is himself again, a rigid censor of manners, and the vigilant detective of improprieties. He is catering for an audience who expect from him an unlimited supply of virtuous sentiment, and virtuous sentiment day after day he unflinchingly and unflinchingly provides. An instance of this has just occurred with respect to a celebrated divorce trial. The terrible immoralities of Guardsmen have been denounced with uniform zeal all over England, and that mysterious thing the "public" has felt real gratification at the 10,000*l.* damages which were the creditable result of the eloquence of counsel, the emotion of the judge, and the unusually flagitious conduct of an officer in the Blues. If tarring and feathering were an ordinary incident of a verdict for the plaintiff in a divorce suit, the lower orders would gladly assist at the tarring and feathering of Captain Westcar. The fate which he will receive among his own friends and in the social circle in which he mixes is so very different that it is worth while asking ourselves what it is which makes the lower orders admire virtue and hate vice, when virtue and vice appear on a public stage, in a way that is out of all proportion to the private standard of any class of society in practice and in daily life. Certainly the lower orders are not superior in chastity or in honour to their betters. And yet, beyond all question, Captain Westcar runs twenty times the risk of being hissed or even hustled in an English thoroughfare that he incurs of being deservedly cut or coldly received in an average English drawing-room.

The first thing to be noticed is that there is a good deal of what is called class feeling mixed up in the virtuous sentiments of the mob. They seem to regard a public display of immorality as a sort of outrage and injury to their own particular order. And it must be admitted, we think, that it is not altogether unnatural that they should do so. Immorality is a social disease

which is equally prevalent in every rank and in every class; but it ought never to be forgotten that the immorality of the upper strata of society inflicts a good deal of misery on the lower. The days of social tyranny no doubt are past. The daughters and wives of the peasant or the labourer are not at the mercy of feudal barons. All are equal before the law, and the pauper's family is as safe against violence as the family of the richest man in the country. It is not, however, the less true that the vices of the rich are a curse and an affliction to the poor. Wealth and rank constitute social power, even if social despotism is extinct; and though they cannot be said to crush or misgovern the poorer classes, their vicious propensities are still in some measure indulged at the expense of the less-favoured multitude. Claudius the patrician does not indeed ravish Virginia the plebeian damsel any longer; he purchases her instead. But the lower classes do not resent the proceeding a bit the less because Claudius pays for what he takes. A species of blind and often extravagant instinct tells them that they lose more than he does by the bargain. Those of them who think at all about it cannot help seeing that no class, however indigent, can ever be adequately repaid for ministering to the vicious luxury and gratification of a class above it. It cannot, of course, be said truthfully, and it never is said except by thoughtless or malignant persons, that prostitution among the poor is solely due to the self-indulgence of the rich. It begins, in a vast majority of cases, in the ignorance or the coarse self-indulgence of the poor themselves. But it is, on the other hand, undeniable that if unchastity among the lowest orders begins at home, it is the money of the more opulent classes which draws it into the streets. Natural causes produce the thing in the first place. The vice is bred in the village or in the hovel. But it only becomes a marketable vice because of the inequalities and the distinctions of class. Impurity and wickedness, as moralists are well aware, would exist in any case; but unequal distribution of wealth is the cause that converts impurity and wickedness into a profitable trade. The artisan or labourer who can reason feels this to be the case, and is tempted to grow vindictive and excited over the thought. He sees that the character and reputation of a number of women of his own position of life are at the mercy of other people's purses; and he hates the purchaser for the power which his purse gives him in the transaction. Those of his order who do not go so far as any reasoning process upon the subject have, nevertheless, a vague sense somewhat to the same effect. Something tells them that the sensual enjoyments of the world are a wrong done to themselves, and they brood over their instinct of antipathy to the luxuries of society until it becomes a kind of brute and ineradicable passion. Nobody can justify such an instinct when it assumes a wild and irrational form. It is, however, desirable that we should all of us be aware of its existence. It is thus that the masses acquire their disposition to side on all public occasions with virtue against vice. The same indefinite idea of self-protection which makes sheep huddle together when a wolf is in the neighbourhood makes the gallery unite against the libertine and the seducer. The libertine is a powerful and a dangerous enemy. He is rich, and he is unscrupulous, and his victims come continually, though not invariably, from the flock to which the gallery belongs. If it were not for his money, he would be on an equality with themselves. As it is, he has the sinews of war, of which they are destitute; and he can buy at any moment what they are conscious they cannot avoid the temptation, in the last extremity, of selling. In this way their cause and the cause of public morality come to be identical. To vice itself they have no objection. What they dislike is the thought that the libertine is master of the market, and can compete with them upon unequal terms. This is not a very noble reason for sympathizing with virtue, but it is a practical one, and quite sufficient to influence the largest mob. And in times of social disorder we find, accordingly, that it does influence mobs to a very alarming extent. A red revolution is never disposed to show pity to the mistresses of the rich. In days of peace and tranquillity the gallery is content to hiss the debauchee, but as soon as the tocsin sounds, and the *bonnet rouge* is predominant, the gallery rushes into the streets, and guillotines him if it can.

Apart from this class feeling, which politicians and moralists will never neglect if they are wise, there are other reasons why the gallery is fond of high-sounding morality. And, first, it must be recollected that what are truisms to one class are often truths, if not novel truths, to another. An educated man is trained from his childhood to acknowledge that virtue is admirable, and that honesty is the best policy. He does not practise regularly what he preaches; but about the great axioms of moral philosophy he feels no doubt whatever. They are so certain and so positive that his interest in the enunciation of them is, comparatively speaking, small. Uneducated and ill-trained minds are less familiar, if not with the truths themselves, at any rate with the formal exposition of them. They do not live among people who think or act or talk in this fine and noble way, and they like to listen to such sentiments exceedingly. Every English householder who takes the trouble to inquire will find that his servants look on the Sunday sermon in a very different light from that in which he looks on it himself. He has heard the preacher's observations a thousand times already; perhaps he has read them, put far more forcibly, in a hundred books; they are not fresh to him, and he is positively weary of having to sit still under the parson who has nothing to tell him that he does not know already. His servants are neither so fastidious nor so familiar with the

theme. They like the sermon, if it is only for the sake of the phraseology and the precepts, neither of which is of a kind to which they are accustomed. And at the bottom of all perhaps the servant has an indefinite feeling that religion is not a rich man's luxury, but a cosmopolitan institution which rich and poor can share alike. The gallery regards the triumphs and the praises of virtue in something of the same spirit. The commonplaces are not commonplaces to them. Maxims of the sort strike them as wonderful inventions, full of merit and force and charm. Such maxims in their eyes have the additional recommendation that they are simple. Half-cultivated men and women are not always on the look-out for refinements or subtleties. They have not blunted the edge of their intellectual appetite, nor do they require delicacies to whet it. What captivates them most is something plain and broad and easily understood. And the truth is that their taste and appreciation, which seem so vulgar to us, are not in reality as vulgar as we think them. Virtue triumphant over vice is, after all, a sufficiently artistic and admirable thing. The lesson to us may be old and trite, but it is only because we are tired of it that it appears inadequate. Those who see it less often, and read of it less habitually, have a right to enjoy it heartily. In this view the gods and the gallery might be thought by a philosopher to have the best of it. It may be that it is not so great an advantage to be jaded and fatigued with virtue. A natural appreciation of it, however rude and boisterous, is at any rate more healthy than a cynical indifference to it; and possibly, if we were what we should be, we should view with greater favour the vigorous virtue of the penny-a-liner, and the demonstrative enthusiasm of the gods.

#### LAURELS.

LAURELS—and by the expression we refer, not to the ornamental evergreens of horticulture, but to the imaginary wreaths which are metaphorically supposed to encircle the brows of successful merit—may be made to serve two subsidiary purposes besides the primary and obvious one just named. One is, they may be used by the man who has won them as a tolerably searching test of the friendliness of his friends; secondly, they may help a man who has them not to estimate his own inward condition of soundness or unsoundness as these are revealed to him by the emotions he feels on contemplating the friend who has succeeded in getting them. Men nowadays are for the most part neither very heroic nor very depraved. As a wise poet puts it, they are

Some good fellows, some right scurvy,  
Most a dash between the two.

It is not cynicism, but simply common sense, to refuse to live in a fool's paradise, and to assert that the majority of men are actuated by other motives besides those of sublime self-abnegation. Of course the pure hero is a great deal more delighted with his friends' laurels than he could possibly be with his own. But then most would admit that the pure hero is not of every-day occurrence. The average of men like their friends in an average, commonplace, sincere sort of way, as far as it goes; sincerely sympathizing with them when they come to cruel and disastrous grief, and perfectly content that they should have their share of wages and windfalls while these conform to the ordinary tariff. But this is not to say that laurels—that is, exceptional distinction or merit—are not somewhat of a trial to friendships of ordinary calibre. To see your friend, whom you knew as a boy, draw steadily ahead and leave you far behind in the race of life, to gain a clearer and clearer perception that you are not his match and never could be, to be compelled to resign yourself to the disappearance one by one of the air-castles with which your youthful hope and enthusiasm dotted the future for you, and then to see these cloud palaces turned verily and indeed into commodious and substantial dwelling-houses by your successful friend and rival—all this can be considered a trifle only by those who have not experienced it. It has been sneeringly said that most people endure the adversities of their friends with admirable equanimity. It may be more to the point to remark that many who are afflicted with unfeigned sorrow by a friend's misfortune find it rather uphill work to follow his triumphal chariot to the Capitol; and when they do, perhaps, their strongest wish is to take the place of the slave behind him, and whisper assiduously in his ear that after all he is mortal.

This whispering is still continued even nowadays, though not with the same pomp and publicity as were used in classic times. The simple object, in plain English, was and is to take the bounce out of your conquering hero as he threads the crowded streets ringing with acclamations. Slaves no longer exist to perform the useful office, and it now mostly devolves upon friends. Not all friends, but friends of a certain stamp. For in no respect do men differ more than in the matter of giving praise and withholding it. Some people seem to think that praise is such a wholesome, pleasant thing that it is not easy to have too much of it about. They like the praise market to be brisk and open. They delight in large and liberal transactions on that Exchange. With the least hint from you that you are disposed to accept a reciprocity treaty on this subject, they will consign to you any amount of eulogy that you are ever likely to require. But they do like reciprocity, or an approach to it. If you will only praise their dexterity in carving a leg of mutton, they will cover you with encomiums for your surpassing skill in carving a sirloin of beef. People of this sort will very often naturally enough drop



into coteries, and constitute what have been called mutual admiration societies. A stranger in them finds himself in the queerest imaginable company. The whole thing is so serio-comic and comico-serious that he hardly knows whether to laugh or weep. To his utter astonishment he discovers that he is surrounded by the greatest geniuses the world ever saw. The poetaster of the clique is the noblest poet since Shakespeare. His unintelligible odes and dreary dramas are read or recited amid the breathless ecstasy of his mutual admirers. The painter of the party, if justice is done him, can only be compared to Titian or Tintoret. His scraggy contorted figures, you are told, are the high-water mark of modern art; and so on with the rest. Persons of this turn of mind are certainly only moderately inconvenienced by the laurels of their friends. They so instinctively select for companions only those whose bay-leaves match their own that, like Shelley's cloud, they "move altogether if they move at all," and never experience the genuine twinge of seeing the authentic wreath placed upon a friendly head. Constituting as they do joint-stock companies of vanity and mutual flattery, every tiny triumph of each of the members is reckoned so much gain to the common fund, and each is so surfeited with chaplets of their own making, that no pangs are felt at anything which befalls the rest.

On the other hand, nothing seems to alarm some people so much as the danger of their friends growing conceited. On this point their anxiety never sleeps. You may break daily all the ten commandments, and they will not be very seriously concerned about you. But betray the most transient signs of bumptiousness, and you fill their souls with the most dismal forebodings as to the end in store for you. They are not long in letting you know that the turn for the worse in you is fully perceived by them, and in conveying the information, more or less circuitously, that they at least do not mean to countenance it. They will put up with your humours, or even your vices, in the true spirit of friendship. Of course they deeply regret your vices, and will, on fitting occasions, point out to you what a fine fellow you would be without them. Still, in spite of all, they are your friends, and no unpopularity or scrape into which you may fall shall ever bribe their faithful hearts into coldness or hostility. But be careful, as you value their amity, how you allow to escape any symptoms of complacency or self-esteem. You will soon be given to understand that there are limits even to the long-suffering patience of friendship, and that you run a risk of exceeding them. You will sometimes find such people moody and reserved, and puzzle yourself as to what in you can have given cause of offence. It may not be till months after that you discover that it all arose from their anxiety lest you were falling into opinionated and conceited ways. You said something about a man or a book which happened to be a favourite of theirs in a declamatory or egotistic manner which has distressed them ever since. During the interval they have been tremulously watching for further symptoms of the same kind. You all the time are not in the least conscious of an augmented vanity. Possibly quite the contrary. You may have, in sincere contrition of soul, been doing your very utmost to turn over a new leaf, to replace idleness by work, frivolity by earnestness. But, again, changes of this sort are by no means invariably pleasing to certain characters. It is not half so easy for a man who hates self-esteem in every one but himself to gratify his self-love in the presence of a friend who has passed from the *mauvais sujet* stage to that of the respectable citizen. Virtue, of course, is always theoretically beautiful; but, exhibited in a concrete form by persons whom we have been wont to patronise and preach to for the want of it, is occasionally not a little irritating. If it does nothing else, it cuts off a large province of fine declamation against vice in general and your friend's vices in particular; it abolishes those pleasant and piquant contrasts between your own admirable ways and his hitherto you have half-unconsciously regarded as a vested right of your own manifestly due to your superior merit. You have also to the same extent been shorn of your opportunities of doing good. For the contrasts in question, in which you justifiably compared his idleness with your own industry, his laxity with your propriety, were not only pleasant, but clearly also were dictated by considerations of the highest morality. You were labouring in the cause of virtue all the time that you were laying the most soothing and flattering unction to your own soul. And now all this sphere of usefulness is withdrawn from you by your friend's hasty and priggish adoption of sober and godly courses.

There are few things more thoroughly comic than the bearing and language of people of this sort when they have, for some reason or other, made up their minds that it is necessary or graceful to make a complimentary speech. To do them justice, they put off the evil day as long as they can. They fight valiantly against the fate which is threatening to be so hard upon them. By hints and innuendoes they implore you not to continue making efforts in a line which they clearly enough foresee will, sooner or later, bring you those laurels with the pernicious results which they already deplore. They beg you will not risk the chances of disastrous failure by persevering in a course for which you manifestly were not intended. You point out what you consider the reasonable grounds for probable success. They assure you it is not "your line"; that your proper work lies, on the contrary, in quite the opposite direction—generally some poor drudge's work, in which victory is all but ignoble. When you do achieve something, they could never have guessed it was yours. It was not your style—not your manner at all, which, as you know, is so and so; the object being to impress upon your

mind that your success had much of the nature of a fluke, and that you had better not venture to try and do the same thing again. However, these expedients, if you are stubborn enough to neglect all these warnings for your good, are in time exhausted, and you can perceive, by your friends' carriage, that a crisis is at hand. And from their point of view it undoubtedly is. They are for the nonce abandoning all their standard modes of action and cherished axioms of right conduct. They feel for themselves and the risk they run; they feel for the friend whom possibly they may be alluring from the arid paths of virtue and self-depreciation in which they have with such pains striven to keep him, into the broad and straight road which leads to destruction and self-esteem. However, the force of truth or the force of circumstances compels some sort of recognition of their companion's merits and accomplishments. They produce their complimentary phrase or opinion with a sad and sorrowful countenance, with a determined though suffering mind. And at this point people differ. Some pitch their compliment at you, as if they inwardly wished it might break your precious head for you. Others, again, display the most careful and exact caution; they proceed with an almost painful deliberateness. They measure out the drops of praise as a druggist might measure the drops of a most deadly poison in a prescription. They feel, indeed, that the most trifling error would be fatal. They then offer you the potion, and watch its effects. If these are not such as in their judgment they deem correct, they at once administer a most vigorous antidote. And the sinister effect by which they are most alarmed is a want of the due meekness and gratitude on your part for the favour just conferred, or anything which would convey a hint that you would like it extended or repeated. In a moment they gauge the danger, and are equal to it; and what is commonly called making a compliment and spoiling it is the corrective which with scientific promptitude they immediately apply.

The essence of practical wisdom is to take the world as we find it and make the best of it. The man who never felt envy can hardly have felt emulation—that is to say, one of the most valuable antagonist forces to sloth and frivolity which we possess. A mind of any toughness of fibre soon selects among its contemporaries and rivals those who are likely to run it hard in the race of life. A few qualms of envy do not work much harm at the beginning; they sting the languid energies into vigorous activity. But no wise man will continue to harbour envy, under any pretence or provocation, as a settled inmate of his bosom. It soon ceases to stimulate, and then its action is only to numb. Nothing but the most insensate vanity can lead a man to seek for triumphs in many, perhaps in more than one or two, provinces of genuine work. To accept inferiority as your proper portion in all but your own domain is rapidly seen to be the merest common sense. But what, it may be asked, if you are beaten on your own ground? The answer is that, if you are beaten shamefully and hopelessly, it is not your ground at all, and that vanity not power, aspiration not inspiration, had led you to enter it. Your failures may be made your most precious instructors if you are not too conceited to let them teach you. And the best way to look at your friends' successes and laurels is to consider them outward proofs that these persons have, either by luck or good management, found their appropriate work, which you are sure to do if you are humble and courageous enough to unweariedly seek it. They have had, never doubt it, failures and disappointments in abundance, though you may not know of them. No two minds are exactly alike, and whatever or whoever you may be, you can do something, if you search for it long enough, better than anybody else. But if failure only sours you instead of humbling and exalting you, if you are too headstrong and vain to take in the lesson conveyed by stunning mis-carriages, your case is, humanly speaking, hopeless. You have already something more convincing than Moses and the prophets, and if you will not take heed of that, you will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

#### PERSECUTION.

OUR lively contemporary the *Westminster Gazette*, which has already in the few weeks of its brief existence established for itself a quite unique reputation, as well for the remarkable things it says as for its still more remarkable manner of saying, or at least of printing, them, has devoted four successive articles to an elaborate defence of the principle of religious persecution. Such open and systematic advocacy in our own day is certainly startling; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the principle itself is a thing of the past, or that it is confined to any particular section of Christendom. Roman Catholics may have had more opportunity of acting upon it than others, but it was strenuously maintained by nearly all the leading Reformers; and we should be little less alarmed to see the machinery of the Holy Office placed at the command of Lord Shaftesbury or Dr. Cumming than to see it wielded by the bigots of the *Westminster Gazette*. It is worth noting, again, that the greatest war of recent years—waged, not by the oldest, but by the youngest of civilized nations—has been, at least in its pretext, a kind of religious war, to enforce the emancipation of slaves; and the same nation is now meditating a second crusade to exterminate Mormonism. Nor is it many years since an English Under-Secretary of State, referring to the Indian mutiny, said that by toleration he understood "toleration of all sects and

denominations of Christians who believed in the one mediation," and that it was a mere "abuse" of the term to apply it in a wider sense, which is of course to deny the principle of toleration altogether. And Mr. Froude assures us that, as long as we retain our theological beliefs, it must be so. He has taken occasion frequently and emphatically to repeat in the latest volumes of his English History his earlier statement in the *Nemesis of Faith*, that all sincere believers in a dogmatic creed must in consistency be persecutors. Protestant opinion is indeed at present in too fluctuating and uncertain a condition to supply any adequate motive for such a course, and it may be presumed that Roman Catholics would shrink from persecuting if they had the power, because we may reasonably hope that their hearts would be better than their heads. Such appears to be a fair account of Mr. Froude's estimate of the matter, which he proceeds to sum up in the epigrammatic corollary that "God gave the Gospel, the Father of Lies invented theology." There are undoubtedly many, both among the adherents and the opponents of dogmatic Christianity, who share this view of the case. It may be worth while, therefore, to inquire how far it is correct. And, as the three main lines of argument relied upon in defence of persecution are the moral, the political, and the religious—or, in other words, the argument from principle, from expediency, and from religious belief—we may conveniently examine the question under these three aspects, so far as they can be kept distinct from each other.

Mr. Mill has laid down the principle, which no honest advocate of toleration can fail to admit, that if all mankind, minus one, were of the same opinion, they would have no more right to silence than one than he, if he had the power, would have a right to silence them. On the other hand, Archbishop Manning is reported to have said, the other day at the Guildhall, that "liberty had relation to right, but had no relation to wrong." He was speaking of drunkenness, and even there his rule could only be carried out under what has been called a "paternal," as distinguished from a constitutional, government. But the same principle is often extended from matters of practice to matters of belief, and then it simply amounts to saying that there ought to be no liberty at all. For it is obvious at once that nobody believes, or can possibly believe, what he does not himself think to be right. To deny liberty of wrong belief is, therefore, only another way of denying liberty to hold opinions which are wrong in the judgment of those who have power to punish them. "Orthodoxy," as Bishop Warburton succinctly expressed it, "is *my* doxy; heterodoxy is yours." But, it may be urged, it is a clear duty to promote to the utmost of our power what we believe to be the truth, and the readiest means of doing so is the silencing or suppression of error. This argument is of course as available for the defence of error as of truth. No intelligible theory of persecution has yet been discovered which does not justify the death of Socrates and the persecution of the early Christians. One of the latest religious sects, based on negation of the supernatural, aspires to found a theocracy—we should rather have said an atheocracy—which will realize the Platonic ideal of the rule of philosophers by suppressing, in the interests of "humanity," whatever its philosophy condemns. Let us assume, however, that we are in exclusive possession of the truth; are we bound to persecute? If so, two further assumptions must be made—first, that we have a right to force the consciences of others, which is to deny their rights as responsible agents altogether; secondly, that we are justified in doing this for the purpose of securing, not the genuine acceptance, but the outward profession, of truth, for beyond that the most successful persecution can accomplish nothing. Nobody supposes that Cranmer any more believed in transubstantiation, when he read his recantation at St. Mary's, than when he testified his disbelief in it by putting his right hand into the fire. And these two considerations alone would seem conclusive as to its principle. For, unless we are prepared to endorse the Carlylese doctrine that might is right, no conceivable obligation can sanction our ignoring the rights of others, and no right can be clearer than their right to hold and maintain what they honestly believe to be the truth. Nor can any moral end be served by extorting a profession of opinions which are not believed. Whatever principle binds us to enforce our convictions on dissentients must, *a fortiori*, bind them to resist the attempt, and thus the merit of the transaction would be equally shared between the persecutor and the martyr; with this difference, however, that the one would be simply maintaining his own rights as a moral being, while the other would be trampling on his neighbour's. The only answer which can be made to this difficulty is illustrated by a story told (we cannot vouch for its accuracy) of the present Pope. His Holiness was urging on an English convert, supposed to have influence at the Russian Court, to do what he could to check the persecution of Catholics in that country. He replied that he thought the Russian Government was quite right in principle to put down all dissent from the Established Church, adding that, if the position of parties were reversed, Catholics would do just the same. "Truly," said the Pope, "but then we are right and they are wrong"; a solution which has at least the merit of perfect simplicity.

If we turn from the ground of principle to the ground of expediency, there seems at first sight to be a more plausible case for the persecutors, and it is moreover here that the true explanation of most persecutions is to be found. The alleged expediency may be either political or religious. We need not dwell upon the case of doctrines so dangerous to the order and wellbeing of society that we are obliged to punish those who act upon them for the same reason

that we punish thieves or murderers. This defence is often put forward for the Albigensian Crusade, and is to some extent endorsed by the respectable authority of Dr. Maitland. Of course, if the facts are admitted, there is a good deal to be said for the policy pursued, though even so Simon de Montfort's famous exclamation, "Kill them all, and God will know His own," may suggest serious doubts as to the manner of carrying it out. No one would wish to tolerate a community of Thugs. But, apart from these extreme and exceptional cases, it was notoriously for a long time the rooted conviction of all European Governments that to permit any difference of belief among their subjects was to endanger the whole social fabric. If Knox denounced toleration as "opening the floodgates of heresy," Elizabeth, Philip II., and Catharine de Medici refused to practise it, lest it should open the flood-gates of rebellion. Nor was such a fear at the time altogether chimerical. When the deposing power of the Pope was not a mere fiction of the canon law, but an article of popular belief, it was not unnatural for Protestant States to look with suspicion on their Roman Catholic subjects; and the wild doctrines of the German Anabaptists and others of the Reformed were not likely to recommend Protestantism to the favour of Catholic Governments. On very similar principles, Marcus Aurelius, one of the noblest characters of the Pagan world, who can have had little taste for such a procedure personally, felt bound to sanction the persecution of Christians, because he saw that Christianity and the existing civilization of the Empire were mutually antagonistic forces. There are still many reasons why Governments might wish that their subjects could have, not one neck, but one religion. Witness the "religious difficulty" of education in England at this moment. But the notion of religious diversity being in itself dangerous to society has long since passed away. The argument from expediency, therefore, resolves itself now into an argument from religious expediency. True, we can only coerce the profession, not the convictions, of the heretic himself; but then, it is replied, we may secure the belief of the next generation. If the fathers have eaten the sour grapes of persecution, the children will be trained in the pleasant ways of orthodoxy. It is obvious to remark that for attaining this measure of success you must not only persecute, but exterminate. If you burn heretics at all, you had better burn them all; if heresy is to be dealt with by legislation to any purpose, it must, like the cattle-plague, be stamped out. We have heard of a zealous Ultramontane who was pressed to account for the conspicuous failure of Mary's fanatical policy, replying, with happy naïveté, "Because they didn't burn half enough." And the answer from the speaker's point of view was the right one. It is not unusual for even strenuous advocates of persecution to condemn the Spanish Inquisition as too severe; and when we think of Torquemada alone burning ten thousand heretics, we can hardly wonder at it. Still they are quite wrong. Like Strafford's Irish policy, persecution must be "thorough," or it is worse than useless. But the conditions for this thorough system are, happily, seldom capable of being realized. Mr. Mill, indeed, tells us that Protestantism was effectually crushed out in Spain, Italy, and France by the vigorous measures of the sixteenth century. But, if we look beyond immediate results, it may well be questioned whether Catholicism has not lost more than it has gained by the dragonnades of Louis and the butcheries of Alva; and it is quite certain that it has never recovered to this day the fires of Smithfield. Nor is this all. No reader of Blanco White's Autobiography will venture to congratulate himself on the religious results of two centuries of the Inquisition. And if in our day Spain is honeycombed with secret infidelity, and the majority of educated Italians make open avowal of their unbelief, it is worth remembering that Spain and Italy are just the two countries of Europe where persecution has had its perfect work. Clear as is the radical immorality of the system as a matter of principle, it is shown perhaps even more clearly by the inevitable results.

We come lastly to the religious argument, and here we are not of course going to enter upon a Scriptural or theological discussion; though it may be observed, in passing, that Scripture must always be a difficulty rather than a help to the advocates of a system which finds its exponents in the disciples wishing to call down fire on the Samaritan village, rather than in Him who rebuked their misplaced zeal. And it may be worth the consideration of the orthodox that, in the case of the first persecutors mentioned in Church history, when some Spanish bishops had put certain Priscillianist heretics to death, St. Martin of Tours refused to communicate, or even to eat, with them; and Pope Leo only justified their act on the express ground that the culprits were not punished for their heresy, but for their social crimes. The old view was handed down in the well-known maxim of the canon law, *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*, and in the practice of handing over condemned heretics to the secular arm with a prayer for mercy—hypocritical enough in its use, but none the less bearing witness to the Church's traditional disclaimer of the right to impose her doctrines by force, and her disapproval of the practice. Leaving, however, this aspect of the question, and viewing it on its abstract merits, is it true to say that a sincere believer must in consistency be a persecutor, and that the sincerity of his convictions may be measured by his willingness to impose them, if need be, at the sword's point on all gainsayers? To the orthodox it ought to be enough to reply that, if so, Mr. Froude is quite right in saying that the Father of Lies invented theology. But let us look a little more closely into the matter. Does history bear out this view? or does it not rather



show that, as none are capable of such arbitrary injustice as those who are thoroughly frightened, so persecution is usually not the expression of earnest conviction, but is either based on political motives or is the dishonest resource of that temper of mind, "destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism," so common in every age, and not least so in our own? The Athenians who put Socrates to death had doubtless a superstitious dread of innovation; but it will hardly be maintained that their faith was very strong in the hierarchy of Olympus. Marcus Aurelius, who felt bound to persecute the Christians, had probably as little belief as they had in the popular gods of Rome. It is often said that the ages of faith were the ages of persecution; but it would be much truer to say that, if art is the bloom of decay, persecution is the efflorescence of a decaying faith. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which are conspicuous in the annals of persecution, were ages, not of faith, but of doubt. Savonarola was burnt by believers in the Renaissance; and motives of interest or policy had much more to do with the persecutions of Protestants than zeal for religion. Catharine de' Medici and Cardinal Beaton are the normal type of persecutors. And this is just what we should have expected. So far from unwillingness to persecute being a proof of indifference, persecution is oftener than not the expression of a latent distrust in the reality or the power of truth. No religious man could view with complacency the smouldering scepticism which is the result of the process in its most effective form. It is, at best, like driving measles or small-pox into the system. Nor only so. If suppression of error be an injury to the erring, it is, paradoxical as it may sound, a still deeper injury to the cause of truth itself. It has become a mere commonplace of ecclesiastical history that the record of Councils is the record of heresies; and for this obvious reason, that each fresh elucidation of the various aspects of doctrine from within has kept pace with the assaults made upon it from without. Dr. Newman's essay on Development should at least convince Roman Catholics how much their theology is indebted to the liberty of contradicting it. If the Nicene Creed was the creation of Arianism, Protestantism created both the Council and the definitions of Trent. The law holds good in religious as much as in any other truth, that "all safe progress depends on timely recognition being given to the natural developments of thought." Three centuries ago it was considered by the great multitude of Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, an unscriptural heresy to assert that the earth goes round the sun; and Galileo was silenced by the Pope, as he very likely would have been by the Scotch General Assembly. Nobody doubts now that he was right; and it was clearly as much for the interests of religion as of science that the supposed incompatibility between them should be disproved as speedily as possible, but this could only be done when there was full freedom of discussion. In our own day, Roman Catholic theology has nowhere sunk into such utter contempt as in Italy and Spain, where it has long been "protected" from criticism or attack; and nowhere is it so vigorous as in Germany, where, as Dr. Döllinger has observed, it has been purified and kept from stagnation by the constant action of a watchful and energetic rival. Nor is it only in the promotion and advance of religious truth that suppression of adverse criticism is shown to be so fatal a mistake, but also in the manner of holding it. In proportion as freedom of discussion is restricted, belief has a tendency to become what theologians call material rather than formal, or, in other words, the popular creed degenerates into a dead dogma instead of a living truth. It is held from habit, or education, or because it was learnt in the nursery, rather than with an intelligent grasp of its real meaning. Dr. Newman has remarked somewhere that this is the condition of a great number of the members of the Greek Church, and if it be so, it is precisely because they have been so completely secluded from the various currents and conflicts of modern thought.

We have but roughly sketched the main outlines of a vast subject, but one word may be added, in conclusion, in reply to a common objection to the cogency of our reasoning. If, it may be said, persecution is so certainly proved to be immoral, inexpedient, and irreligious, how is it that high-principled and religious men have so often shown a tendency to persecute? Surely, to any one even moderately acquainted with the phenomena of human nature, the explanation is not far to seek. Men of strong convictions, unless they happen to be blest with singularly angelic or singularly apathetic tempers, are inevitably tempted to think, or at least to feel, that they do well to be angry when their convictions are rudely assailed, especially if the assailant does not seem to have taken the trouble to understand them. Nor is such a feeling in itself at all reprehensible. As Butler says of our natural resentment against wrong, it is doubtless implanted in us for the vindication and security of right. But it is not the less liable to very easy perversion. No one can be surprised if those who find themselves at issue on all the points in which they are most deeply interested do not care to associate very intimately in private life; though even here we may do a serious injustice, both to ourselves and to others, by confounding the truth we desire to live by with the particular colouring it has taken in our own minds. But if we allow our indignation against error, or what appears to be such to us, to carry us further than this, and seek to crush where we cannot persuade, we shall too surely learn, or at least shall help to prove, that of all forms of artificial protection, the most fruitless, the most foolish, and the most suicidal is the protection of truth.

## GENERAL PEEL AND THE ARMY.

GENERAL PEEL must be classed with the men who have failed to fulfil their destiny. To him alone of all the War Ministers of our time has been given the opportunity of effecting an extensive and useful change in the conditions of military service. That some change, and no slight one, is imperative, is a fixed and general persuasion. Parliament and the public expected it; our powerful neighbours at once warned us of the necessity, and supplied us with examples; in fact, the time was come—but not the man. Whether it was that the traditions of military life were too strong in the General, or that the fear of following a sound scheme to its logical consequences was too strong in the Minister, the result is a timid faltering attempt at reform which is not even good so far as it goes, and which falls far short of that which, in itself imperfect and unsatisfactory, the Government was supposed to contemplate. The basis on which our military system rests is confessedly and essentially defective, as anybody might learn from facts and figures, and the Report of the Recruiting Commission; the requirements of the case were clearly known, and seemed to demand an absolute change in the foundations of that system; but General Peel—approaching the subject in the spirit, not of an architect, but of a contractor—has preferred the easy labour, so congenial to commonplace artists of all kinds, of following the groundwork of old plans and sticking bits on the present edifice, to the bolder and more arduous task of reconstruction. He must be content to take his place among the temporizers, and not among the originators; with the additional disadvantage of having made his election at a time when originality was specially demanded, and would have been specially appreciated. He might have quitted office with all the credit of having established on a permanent basis a system which should have satisfied at once the military, the industrial, and the financial exigencies of the case; whereas his scheme is not likely to be quoted hereafter as having fulfilled the necessities of the time in any single particular.

The radical fault of the Ministerial plan is that, while the disadvantage of increased expenditure is very real and substantial, the prospective benefits are entirely hypothetical. "The question is," says General Peel, "must the army collapse?" And thereupon he proposes an expensive and very doubtful experiment, by which he thinks that possibly (though he is evidently not very hopeful on the subject) the collapse may be avoided. The two essential conditions which he recognises, in common with most people who have thought on the subject, are the necessity of rendering recruiting more attractive, and of providing a force which, without being financially burdensome, shall be at hand in time of need for the reinforcement of the active army, whatever kind of war it may be engaged in. As we have frequently pointed out, these questions are mutually dependent, and must be considered each with respect to the other, being at least as inseparable as the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of seats. If the gaps made by war in the ranks are to be filled with soldiers capable of at once taking their place before an enemy, it is necessary that those fresh troops should have already undergone the discipline and training of the regular army. But it is proved, by facts and the evidence of competent witnesses, that soldiers who have completed the full periods of twenty-one years in the army are mostly worn out, and unfit for further service, and that the men for the reserve must be younger than these. All inducements to re-enlist tend therefore to keep the ranks of the active army full at the expense of the trained reserves. General Peel's proposal to add a penny to the daily pay of the re-engaged soldier, and twopence to the daily pay throughout the first period of service, is less faulty certainly than that of the Recruiting Commission, which would leave the pay in the first period of service as it now is, and add only to the emoluments of the second period. But nevertheless it exhibits, as far as it goes, the error, which we cannot but think a very grave one, of recognising re-enlistment as expedient and desirable, and expending a considerable portion of the supplementary estimates in encouraging it. Nor does the additional penny represent by any means the greater cost of the re-enlisted soldier, as compared with the recruit who would replace him if he took his discharge. For a very large percentage of these old soldiers are married, and the additional expense is thus incurred of providing transport, lodging, and medicine for the proportion of their wives and families which the rules of the service recognise; while the remainder of these women and children are exposed to all the privations which we have formerly indicated as entailed by marriage without leave. Re-enlistment, then, involves the triple disadvantage of starving the reserve, of retaining an old element of expense, and of introducing a new one; to which must be added the cost of the additional and accumulating pay to old soldiers for good conduct, and of their pensions on final discharge. The re-enlisted man is thus a very costly article, and the only set-off against the expense is that we have in him a soldier who does not, like the recruit, require preliminary training, and that it is easier to secure him than to find a new man to take his place. But, on the other hand, he is no better, often not so good, as the soldier of four or five years' service, who is young, fresh, and as yet unwearied with the incessant routine of duty. Can it be doubted that old soldiers are an enormous extravagance, and that we might fill their places and turn their services to much better advantage, both as regards the public and themselves, at a greatly diminished cost?

With regard to the proposed increase of pay from the commencement of service, there can be no doubt that if the soldier is

to give twelve, and possibly twenty-one, years of his life to the army, justice, no less than policy, demands that he should be paid according to the present rate of the labour-market. It may, however, be doubted whether he is not at present as well remunerated as the average civilian of his class of from eighteen to twenty-five years old, and therefore whether, if his active service were, in its first period, considerably abridged, any increase would be necessary. Besides daily pay, he receives a ration which is worth more than it costs him, is supplied with many articles from the regimental canteen cheaper and better than he could buy them elsewhere, gets schooling and books for next to nothing, while lodging, fuel, cooking, hospital attendance, and part of his clothing are all supplied gratis. Should it appear, on a fair valuation, that he is, in cash and in the necessities of life, still at a disadvantage as compared with the labourer or the unskilled handicraftsman of the same age, let his pay by all means be increased. But the argument for the proposed augmentation is founded not so much on justice as on expediency. It is expected to give an additional stimulus to recruiting. Now the evidence of recruiting officers and other competent witnesses goes to show that the class of youths who now enter the army are so reckless and imprudent, so much more anxious to escape from the past and the present than to look to the future, that for the most part they never inquire what pay they are to receive, or how long they are binding themselves to serve. As a stimulus to recruiting, then, the proposed increase could only take effect on a different class of the population, into whose calculations thrift, and provision for the future, and the wish to rise in the world, largely enter. But these are just the men who are deterred from enlisting by the long period of service, and the prospect of exile in the colonies; and the additional twopenny a day will scarcely suffice to draw them from employments which give them a livelihood at home. The best that can be said, then, for General Peel's plan is that it will give us all the recruits we get now, and possibly others of a better class in addition; but that the increase will prove adequate to our necessities is more than he or anybody can reasonably expect.

Having thus dealt with one part of the problem, he addresses himself to the other—the creation of an army of reserve. He says:—

The way I would deal with it is this:—When a regiment had completed its period of foreign service and returned home, I would propose that it should not be sent into camps or garrisons, but that it should go to some locality with which it had or might wish to form some connexion, and where little or no duties would have to be performed the first year. The regiment being about to be reduced to 600, I would give the men long furloughs, and if at the end of their leave they came and said that they could find employment, I would commute the rest of their service.

I would, therefore, propose that any of these men who could find employment after having completed two-thirds of their first engagement should be allowed to commute the rest of their service in the army of reserve, at the rate of two years for one, and that they should be liable to general service in case of war, and war only.

In this part of the scheme there are several notable features. It recognises the principle of a trained reserve, but makes very scanty provision for its application. A great majority of those who enlist will never have an opportunity of participating in the benefit of the measure. It proposes to accomplish partially, doubtfully, and unequally what would assuredly be done effectually and fairly by causing all soldiers to pass into the reserve after a shorter period of service in the active force; but that implies a separation of the home from the colonial army, which question General Peel does not even allude to. And yet this principle of forming reserves, in the main, of men already disciplined in the regular service is one which France, in imitation of Prussia, is about to adopt, and it was at any rate worth consideration. Another provision of his scheme is that "a regiment, on returning home, is to go to some locality with which it had, or might wish to have, some connexion"; but he also intends that men shall be, as far as possible, enlisted for general service, and not for particular regiments. How is it possible that a regiment composed of men enlisted for general service should have any reason of the kind implied for preferring one locality to another? And not only is the idea of general service inconsistent with that of the localization of regiments, but also with the enlistment of that superior class of recruits which extra pay is intended to attract; for the men likely to be open to this inducement will be such as have sufficient care of their own interests to prefer enlisting in a regiment which is so situated as to afford them the future option of quitting the active force for the reserve. Again, the soldiers thus eligible for the reserve are to have long furloughs for the purpose of seeking employment, and no doubt many will obtain it; but the effect of this measure will be that, while the most sober, subordinate, diligent, and intelligent soldiers will quit the active force, the lazy, drunken, and worthless will return to their regiments. Is it possible that General Peel will, on consideration, think such a measure desirable, or to be relied upon in any effectual degree as a means to the proposed end? And, again, the option thus given of passing into the reserve either is or is not a boon. If not, it will be ineffectual; if it is, we see General Peel, as it were, bidding with his right hand against his left—offering inducements to men to remain in the army on one side, and to quit it for the reserve on the other.

Feeling how utterly inadequate such a measure will be, even in its most promising aspect, to meet the requirements of the case, he next proposes to form the main strength of the contemplated reserve of part of the militia, who are to be induced to enrol them-

selves in it by a double bounty. Here, then, we have all the essential parts of this very hypothetical plan. "If," says General Peel, "I can induce a sufficient number of recruits to enlist for the additional twopenny, and of old soldiers to re-engage for the additional penny, I shall maintain the regular forces in due strength; and if I can induce a portion of the militia to render themselves liable to foreign service in time of war, and can add to them certain soldiers who will desire to earn their own livelihood as civilians, I shall get a reserve." It seems to us that the prospect even of getting the men is rather hazy, and that of getting such men as are wanted still hazier. For in time of war the regiments—reduced previously, according to this plan, to 600 men—are to be made up to 1,000; and this supplementary 400 must be "ready," says General Peel, "at a moment's warning." Now at least 300 of the 400 must be men who have received no other training than such as the twenty-eight days of the year given to military exercises in the militia would impart. Is it seriously believed that it would be safe to entrust the honour of our arms, in a war with a great military Power, to regiments thus composed, and whose gaps, after the first engagement with the enemy, must be filled by drafts of the same quality? If the proposal is sound—if militiamen really are competent to take their place in the line of battle—a slight stretch of the argument would bring us to the conclusion that there is no necessity for a regular army at all. Now, without intending the slightest disparagement to the militia, we may assert that it is, and under present conditions cannot but be, very inferior to the regular army in discipline, in efficiency, and in military spirit; yet General Peel would make it the school of the reserve, for in its ranks will be enrolled both the old soldiers and the militiamen who are to constitute the new force. "I would propose," he says, "that the reserve should be attached to the militia. I should be very sorry to see another army raised up between the militia and the Line, and I think militia officers have the strongest feeling upon this subject." This is the only explanation he gives of this important step, nor are we told why the feeling of militia officers should be so important as to be deferred to in a matter of national exigency. In another sentence, in which he is evidently misreported, he seems to infer that, if the forces were kept separate, the militia would quit their own body to enter the reserve. This appears to us the reverse of an objection, since the augmentation of a force which possesses all the advantages of the militia besides some of its own, even at the expense of the less efficient body, would be matter of congratulation; and we believe it to be an essential part of a sound plan to keep the reserve apart under its own officers.

We do not enter further into the details of the scheme because, in the particulars we have discussed, it seems to be fatally defective. It is the reluctance to follow out the conditions of the problem—conditions which General Peel fully recognises—to their necessary consequences, that renders the present set of propositions so lame and inconsistent with each other. It is indisputable that the division of the present first period of enlistment into two portions would give us a reserve of trained soldiers. It would also, we believe, augment the numbers willing to enter the army, to a pitch far beyond our requirements; for the period passed with the colours would soon be regarded as an honourable apprenticeship, a meritorious service in which would form an unflinching recommendation to respectable employment. The advantages of the reserve would raise the character of recruits, and thereby give the army a new position in popular estimation. The fear too of rendering the army obnoxious to the people by its strength and its cost—the spectre which haunts all military reformers who are in any way responsible for their plans—would be laid for ever; for a large part of the working population would regard the troops not as a class apart from the rest, with different feelings and interests, but as former comrades and future associates. But the magnitude of this change, considerable in itself, is enhanced by the necessity it would entail of separating the colonial from the home forces. It would perhaps be too much to expect that any military reformer would attempt at once to carry into effect such sweeping alterations, and if we could descry in the present propositions any promise of a good ultimate result, we would not object to them for merely failing in extent. But these feeble and uncertain steps towards the object will be more likely to repel opinion from taking the desired path than to lead it onward. This is the more to be regretted because in General Peel we had a Minister possessing popularity and authority in the House, and great ability and experience in the administration of the War Department, and it may be doubted whether any successor will have the influence necessary to propose important reforms with equal chance of success. Besides, if the present occasion be lost, the public may relapse into apathy; and the loss of time is all the more serious, since any practicable scheme will require some years to produce its due results. We may hope, however, that bolder and sounder measures may yet be suggested, and that General Peel may consider his scheme so far open to revision as not to refuse them his support.

The debate in the House of Lords on Thursday touched on most of the topics we have been discussing, and though there are many points on which those who spoke with authority differed from us and from each other, yet the discordance of opinion may always be traced to the fact that scarcely any official has ventured to adopt a scheme in that complete and comprehensive form which, as we have again and again insisted, is indispensable to a sound conclusion respecting any one of its parts. The Under-Secretary for War, for example, chose to regard the means of filling up the ranks of the active force as the main and only question, disregarding



that of obtaining a reserve, which is not only of equal importance, but which stands with it in relations of mutual dependence. The increase of daily pay throughout the army may be the most expedient, as well as the most just, way of attracting men to the army and keeping them in it, if those men are to spend the best part of their lives as soldiers, and to make no provision for becoming civilians; but a more comprehensive view of the question may, as we have pointed out, suggest some better way of appropriating the money. And, again, if we take the question of short periods of enlistment by itself there appears a sort of logical fitness in saying that, because the Ten Years' Act has failed to give us either more recruits or a reserve, it is inexpedient to have recourse to further abridgement. But the Ten Years' Act is a failure precisely because it does not go far enough. It keeps men in the ranks just long enough to disqualify them for learning or resuming handicrafts by which to maintain themselves, and that is a main reason why old soldiers re-engage to such an extent; it dismisses them wearied and discontented; and thus, in the case of many who quit the ranks, we have at once lost a soldier and spoilt a citizen, without adding a man to the reserve. Let us hope that measures will yet be adopted which will include all the conditions of the problem, each of which is so essential to a just conclusion.

#### M. GIRARDIN'S TRIAL.

TO that rather too numerous class in England who believe that the victim of every Imperial prosecution is an injured person, of course M. Girardin will appear in the usual light of wronged virtue and ill-rewarded patriotism. And people who believe that in France as well as in England, an absolutely free and unfettered press must be the great and certain palladium of liberty, will be equally convinced that the defendant in the late trial stood as the representative and champion of public freedom. The duration and seeming stability of the Empire have naturally modified this way of thinking. No length of duration is at all likely to convince us that the practice of prosecuting journalists for things said against the Government is not worse than a crime—a blunder. Perhaps even this opinion requires to be held with a qualification. The ruler who has broken through so many inveterate traditions might, one would think, have broken through that which prescribes newspaper prosecutions, unless he had seen that freedom to say all that anybody might choose to say would be fatal to that order of which the Emperor supposes himself, and is supposed by a majority of his subjects, to be the one possible safeguard. It is certain that the French themselves have no great love for, or confidence in, their journalists. They have perhaps suffered too many and too severe things at their hands. You hear sober Frenchmen speak with some disrespect of an institution of which a sober Englishman is never heard to speak disrespectfully, however much contempt or animosity he may feel towards a given journal. Still, after all that Imperialists or their abettors may say on this side, prosecutions of newspapers must remain indefensible by anybody who believes or concedes that freedom is a good and desirable state. For if journalists are held in so little esteem that nobody cares what they think or say, then there can be no reason why they should not be allowed liberty to do what, on this showing, could have no effect of any sort on the public mind. If, on the other hand, people do want to know what these journalists really and sincerely think, then it is hard to see how any lover of freedom—anybody, that is to say, with confidence in the sense of a people whom he believes to be fit for freedom—can pretend that the gagging of newspapers is capable of an adequate apology. Apart, however, from this general question, it is difficult to get up a very fervent sympathy with the most recent victim of the bureaucratic theory of the proper régime for newspapers. Many of the persecutions since 1852 have been spiteful, mean, capricious, and even cruel. Men have been seized and convicted who never suspected that what they had written would bring them into trouble. And in many of these instances what had been written could have excited nothing like alarm or apprehension in any Government which had not already one foot in the grave; and this not even its worst enemies could allege to be the case with the Government of Napoleon III. But the recent trial excites no sympathy from this point of view. We do not suppose that even M. Girardin himself would say that he had no idea that he was sailing rather too close to the wind of governmental susceptibilities. A man who had just violently knocked his neighbour down could not well pretend that he meant no offence. And M. Girardin's article was as clear an assault on the sacred things of Imperialism as anything well could be. At this moment France is supposed to be very extremely sensitive and uncomfortable about her relations with certain foreign Powers and her prestige in Europe. So of course it is upon this that M. Girardin chooses to work. Having discovered the raw, he does not spare either rod or brine. "You think yourselves very great and powerful," he exclaims to his writhing compatriots; "why, you could not with all your efforts turn aside a single stroke from Poland, nor avert a single cruelty of all the thousands that were inflicted on her wretched people by their barbarous oppressors. You fought with Russia on behalf of Turkey, and with Austria on behalf of Italy, and you lost ground by each of these fine achievements. You are thus worse off by a great deal than you were in 1851; you have no prestige, and you have no liberty, except that workmen may have the liberty of striking with im-

punity. The grounds, therefore, for the *coup d'état* have disappeared. You surrendered everything, or everything was taken from you, and what have you in return? Humiliation in Europe and enslavement at home."

This was about the purport and upshot of all that M. Girardin said, and nobody will deny that on the whole, if it be possible for any writing whatever to "incite to hatred and contempt of the Government," this sort of writing must have a very strong and decided tendency in that direction. If it is quite unimportant what journalists say, this might be allowed to pass; but if, on the contrary, Frenchmen do permit their angry passions to be roused and their susceptibilities to be inflamed by leading articles, then nothing is more certain than that such a piece as M. Girardin's is as likely to work mischief as anything that we can think of. Every word rankles with hatred and contempt. The Government has done no good thing, nor is there a sound spot in it, from the hair of the head to the sole of the foot. This was what so especially wounded the feelings and hurt the sense of justice of the Procureur-Imperial. Not a word was said in favour of a system in whose disfavour nothing was left unsaid. M. Girardin had not even sufficient sense of the general fitness of things to admit some sort of *advocatus diaboli*—somebody who might say a word or two on behalf of the wretched criminal. Of the blessings, to the heart and purse alike of France, which the Emperor has showered on his country, M. Girardin has never heard, or at least he takes care that nobody else shall hear of them if he can help it. He may be right or wrong in this, but in any case he must have known that he was sure to come in for a share of the evils of the system which he so very frankly denounced. Wilkes and Junius might as well have pretended that they did not expect to annoy the King by Number Forty-five or by the famous Letter to the King. We cannot therefore look upon M. Girardin's case as a particularly hard one, and we are quite sure that he does not even himself look at it in that light. The couple of hundred pounds in which he was mulcted must have struck him as an uncommonly cheap price to have to pay for such a luxury, nay such a combination of luxuries, as he has got for his money. He has had the pleasure of delivering his soul, of speaking his mind frankly and in all its bitterness. Then he has had all the fuss and notoriety of a prosecution into the bargain, which, to a man of his temper, is a comfort and glory of the very highest kind. And the trial has been very quickly got over, so that the proceedings never became slow or irksome. Seven or eight days brought him right through the business, and his ardour and excitement never had time to flag or grow chill. On the whole, the present escapade must have been one of the pleasantest little frisks to which the Government has ever treated him.

It is hard to think that M. Girardin improves the general estimate of his character by such articles as that in the *Liberté*, or even by the attitude of mind which such an article indicates. A noble advocacy of free institutions is one thing, and a bitter and captious onslaught on the existing order of things is another. And everybody must feel that such an onslaught is purposeless. It may be true that the foreign policy of the Emperor is at present in rather a poor plight, and that the liberties which he has felt himself justified in conceding are not such as would satisfy an Englishman, an American, or a fanciful Utopian. But then one asks what better system M. Girardin and his school have to propound for public criticism and acceptance, and one asks in vain. They have no system at all to propound. And the case, as he puts it, is not quite the true case. Imperialism is not the only form of government in which foreign policy has come to an unsatisfactory and humiliating kind of issue. We are not sure that the foreign policy of Parliamentary England is much more satisfactory at present to most Englishmen than the result of the Imperialist policy is to most Frenchmen. If the latter feel mortified and humiliated at France's poor position in the councils of Europe, so do a good many of the former feel mortified at England's position in the same field. If M. Girardin thinks that Imperialism is the secret of the French miscarriages in diplomacy, so there are people among ourselves who believe that Constitutionalism is the secret of the corresponding English miscarriages. While he maintains that it is Imperialism which has debased or destroyed French prestige, some writers here maintain that Imperialism, that is to say, democracy organized in an autocrat or two, is the only chance of elevating the prestige of England. If French malcontents can point to Poland, English malcontents point to Denmark. This might teach M. Girardin and his sympathisers that it is quite possible that France might have stood at least as low in Europe as she is said to stand now, if either the Republic or the Orleanist Monarchy had survived. If, as M. Girardin implies, she accepted bondage as the penalty of a glorious and unalterable prestige, this only shows how indiscreet and unreasonable she was in supposing that the compact could be secured. It is not in Emperors, any more than in other mortals, to command success in a field so full of shifting intricacies and complexities as the field of international relations. As it is, France has quite as much prestige as is at all good for her, or for her neighbours either. And the truth is that she did not barter her liberties for a mess of such unsubstantial pottage as prestige, but for Order as well. Not even M. Girardin could deny that she has had at least this, the more solid and important part of the bargain, carried out. A newspaper correspondent says that M. Girardin's library contains a vast array of speeches, pamphlets, and articles written by the men who have been most conspicuous in politics during the last thirty years.

The collection is all arranged in perfect order, according to dates and names, neatly numbered and docketed; so that whenever anybody whom M. Girardin dislikes does anything, he has nothing to do but to pull out the past from his shelves, and the wretched man is overwhelmed with proofs of his inconsistencies and tergiversations. Of course this is very dexterous and clever, and a man to whom a brisk and telling leading article is the noblest of intellectual achievements may justly plume himself on this adroit trick. But it is a trick for all that, and nothing loftier or better. If it enables the inventor of it to show how much the world changes its mind, it may make him amusing, but it proves that he does not rightly comprehend the spirit and meaning of politics. A man who does not change his mind, who does not utterly put away ideas which at one time absolutely ruled him, is a very poor and second-rate politician.

#### THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE PARLIAMENT.

THE spectacle of the just man struggling against fate is an instructive argument for consistency; and Beales and Bradlaugh, facing the bitter east wind and snow storms of this terrible March weather, display a notable obstinacy which almost rises to the dignity of a virtue. Their heroism is of a type so exalted that it finds few imitators, and were it not for the roughs and pickpockets, who owe so much to the Leaguers for providing them with opportunities for plying their calling, the orators of Trafalgar Square would only have the lions for their audience. There is not the least call upon us to criticize the speeches which are said to have been delivered under conditions not favourable to rhetoric, but one effect of the cold weather has been that the speakers have been chilled into brevity. What the Leaguers want, and what alone they still announce that they will be contented with, is a household suffrage such as shall be "equivalent with, or only another form of, residential manhood suffrage." To this household suffrage they have no objection, provided it is protected by the ballot, freed from all rental and rating clogs, from all limitations, counterpoises, checks, and safeguards. If the principle of the Government Bill and that of the Reform League are the same, then, and only then, is there to be an end of the agitation. Such is Mr. Beales's language, and he deserves credit for his explicitness. He is not going to be at the trouble of canvassing vexed and difficult theories about the representation of minorities, or plural votes, or dual votes, or cumulative votes, or the unicorn constituencies, or the single-horse constituencies. He is for household suffrage, pure and simple—the household suffrage which Mr. Bright has never quite made up his mind to, which Earl Russell denounces, and the very assertion of which has been pronounced to be much the same thing as revolution. Unless, then, we are to have such a measure as not a single member of the House of Commons has yet undertaken to advocate, we are promised a continuance of the nocturnal and twice-a-week meetings in Trafalgar Square. The League has pledged itself to become a chronic nuisance unless it gets what statesmen of every party have pronounced themselves unprepared to give. And the continuance of the agitation is dependent on a certain theory of representative government which is worth a moment's thought. The late Prince Albert once said significantly that representative institutions were on their trial; but, in examining our institutions, one is now and then astounded by what are said to be the original spirit and intentions of the Constitution. According to Mr. Beales, representation by Parliament simply means that the law is to be obeyed by those, and those only, who are represented in Parliament. The power to make laws and to impose taxes depends solely upon the consent of those who assist in the appointment of a delegate. If there is a single person who has not a voice in the choice of a representative, he owes no obedience to laws made by delegates in whose election he has had no share. The Westminster Parliament does, as a matter of fact, sit without the assent and consent of certain persons; and, under these circumstances, those certain persons who are not represented owe no obedience to laws made by a Parliament which they have not had a hand in choosing. Therefore it is the "unquestionable and constitutional right" of the unrepresented to meet in Trafalgar Square and to form themselves into a People's Parliament, because "Parliament has no real right or authority to make or impose laws or taxes" on any human being without that consent being given by the exercise of the franchise. This is certainly neat and exhaustive; yet we cannot help remarking that, if this is the principle of the Constitution, Mr. Beales does not go far enough. Manhood suffrage falls very far short of fulfilling this constitutional doctrine and principle. If people are only to obey laws which by personal delegation they have helped to frame, women and children, to say nothing of less manageable classes, would be entitled to hold their rival Parliaments. Mr. Thurtell and Mr. Rush might, on this doctrine, decline to be coerced by the law of murder, because they were not consulted in framing an Act of Parliament defining homicide.

We do not, of course, insist on these reflections in the expectation that they will have the slightest influence on the Leaguers. We have quite another purpose in view. It seems that, till this ridiculous doctrine is accepted by the Westminster Parliament, the People's Parliament, as Mr. Beales styles his gatherings, are to continue. He, or rather his colleague Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, announces still "more menacing meetings." Menacing, however,

they are not; they are only silly and offensive. There is nothing menacing in the concourse of a few hundred, or even a few thousand, people shivering in the cold under the infliction of assaults on common sense and the English aspirate, and whose sole illumination is a few naphtha lamps. The affair is very stupid, but does no great harm. Still this is but a poor justification of the assent given by authority to these meetings. It is very likely expected by Mr. Walpole that they will gradually die away. This is not, however, to be taken for granted. Leagueism is like Fenianism. Very possibly we shall have no more outbreaks of the one, and no more silly processions and demonstrations of the other; but it is also possible that, in either case, a low, irritating, wasting disease may succeed to a violent burst of disaffection. Leaguers and Fenians will find it cheaper, and perhaps more mischievous, to keep authority in a constant state of slight nervous apprehension. They want public confidence to be shaken; and they are quite right in estimating at its full value the policy of making themselves, as they say, a nuisance. A nuisance, they know, is paltry, aggravating, vexatious, contemptible; but still it tells, and tells more than an assault or burglary. This is the case with the Trafalgar Square gatherings. They are perhaps too contemptible for authority to grapple with; but what the Leaguers know is that authority suffers by retreating from the unequal contest. No doubt it is the dignified thing to decline a tussle with a chimney-sweeper; but the laugh is always against the gentleman who slinks off with a protest on behalf of his dignity and clean hands. The difficulty which the collusion of authority with the Leaguers involves is this:—Where can the line be drawn? If the Leaguers are allowed to occupy every Monday in force "the finest site in Europe," if the police are under orders to assist "the gentlemen of the Committee" on to one of our finest public monuments, and if the pedestal of the Nelson Column is to be placed at the disposal of Messrs. Beales and Bradlaugh as often as they choose to occupy it for a public meeting, why should anybody be excluded from it? In 1848 Mr. Charles Cochrane called a meeting in Trafalgar Square to discuss the Income-tax and its alleged unfair incidence. He was told by the Commissioners of Police that the meeting was illegal and would be prevented. And it was prevented. Has any Act of Parliament been passed during the last nineteen years which makes that legal now which was illegal then? And the importance of the inquiry does not stop with this particular case. If Reform meetings of this sort are to be permitted, why not similar meetings on any and every conceivable subject? Why should not the agitators for equalization of poor-rates assemble on the lions' backs under the presidency of East End incumbents? Why should not Lord Shaftesbury or Mr. E. Harper convoke all Protestants to discuss the question of "sacred garments"? Why should not the vexed difficulty about passengers' luggage be solemnly pleaded before an open-air meeting? How any Dulcamara or Cheap Jack can henceforth be prevented from setting up his stage at Charing Cross, now that this immunity is conceded to Beales, Mr. Walpole may explain, and perhaps may be called upon to explain.

The only noticeable incident of last Monday's Trafalgar Square meeting was an explanation from Mr. C. Bradlaugh—we quote from the *Morning Star*—"that he (Bradlaugh) would have abstained from attending the meeting had he not some time since given a promise to attend. He would have abstained from attending because certain journals sought to damage the League by meanly endeavouring to attribute to its members certain opinions which he held." Now if by this language this person meant that in our last number we identified the League with Bradlaugh's atheism, or with the fable of the "Fanatical Monkeys," he is stating what he must know to be untrue. It was because the Leaguers, as we believe, knew nothing of this person's principles, and because their cause—and, more than their cause, the cause of the working-man—was not identified with atheism, that we commented, not on Bradlaugh's atheism, but on Bradlaugh's blasphemous indecency. And there is the more necessity to point out this distinction because we have received, "with C. Bradlaugh's compliments," a printed slip headed "To the English Press," which we presume is intended for general circulation. If the matter were only between ourselves and *Iconoclast*, the Editor of the *National Reformer*, we should certainly decline to dispute with him. That he has been forced to enter into some vindication shows that our object has been accomplished. What Bradlaugh protests against is, "the attempt to excite religious prejudices against the Reform movement, on account of his anti-theology"—which is precisely what we have not done. We said distinctly "that the profession of Christianity was not necessary for canvassing political subjects." Because Mr. Bradlaugh is an atheist we do not say that he has no right to have, or to express, views on the suffrage. But what we did say, and do say, is that a man forfeits the confidence and respect of his fellows, and ought not to be trusted with grave and responsible duties, who is capable of outraging decency by such a publication as that on which we commented last week. We reminded the working-men that they were entrusting their interests to bad hands. And our complaint against Bradlaugh is, not that he is an atheist, but that he is blasphemously indecent; that under the guise of what he is pleased to call his "antichristian views," he affronts the feelings of all but the ribald and the scoffer. Antichristian views, and even atheism, may be promulgated without mere disgusting, offensive,



and brutal insults to the conscientious convictions of the millions of mankind. Because Spinoza was a good mathematician alongside of his atheism or pantheism, therefore, we are told, Mr. Bradlaugh has done nothing to forfeit the respect and confidence of working-men by publishing the "Fanatical Monkeys." So he would have us think. It is possible that the inconsequence of this argument may not present itself to Mr. Bradlaugh. But we will give him an historical parallel. About a hundred years ago Sir Francis Dashwood was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not long afterwards a certain Mr. John Wilkes was Lord Mayor of London. Suppose that these worthies were to come to life again, would it or would it not be "dishonourable and unfair" to remind Parliament and the Livery of London that the Baronet was chief abbot of the monks of Medmenham, and that the Alderman had printed—though he never published—a certain Essay on Woman? And would such a reminder be considered an attempt to identify the political opinions of these two persons with their obscenity and profanity—a difficult feat, considering that Dashwood was a Tory and Wilkes a Radical? Dashwood and Wilkes were neither better nor worse financiers and politicians because they belonged to the Hell-Fire Club; but because they belonged to the Hell-Fire Club their notorious outrages on decency were such as to forfeit the confidence of all men—which is just what we say of the publisher of the "Fanatical Monkeys."

#### LORD CLONCURRY THE PEACEMAKER.

THERE is a time for all things; and if you are so unfortunate as to be of a narrow but heady temper, the most seasonable opportunity for indulging it is when circumstances would appear to a plain man most urgently to demand coolness and forbearance. On the same principle, the moment when the chimney is on fire is obviously the most suitable and proper for piling up fresh logs upon the hearth. Homely wisdom of this sort has evidently gained a hold on Lord Cloncurry's mind. He has no doubt mastered these singularly rational maxims of conduct, and bound them round his neck, and written them in the tablets of his heart. He is favoured above most men in having a chance of developing his remarkable originality on the largest possible scale, and in the most conspicuous possible shape. In an ordinary way, the utmost that a man of his fine views could do to carry them out would be to play the firebrand in private life. One may now and then see that things are uncomfortable between a man and his wife, or between parent and child; and these occasions of course always give one an opportunity, such as it is, of doing or saying something to embitter the feud and exasperate the quarrellers. Still this is small game. Breeding or encouraging domestic broils is comparatively poor sport. The true joy is to be able to contribute your mite to foment public disturbances, to heighten public animosities, to make nations or races or great parties hate one another with more profound hatred. Such glorious chances do not offer themselves very often, but a man who is in earnest in this sweet theory of things will always be on the alert not to allow them to escape him when they do happen to present themselves. If your country, for example, is distracted by contending factions, burning with an inveterate and deadly hate towards one another; if these factions and their mutual strife have long kept, and still survive to keep, your country miserable and harassed, and ever unprogressive; if suddenly circumstances bring all this more than usually to the surface, and make this deep discord more than usually prominent and perilous; and if, above all, you are placed in a position of influence and power, what delight can one conceive greater, what more elevating and soothing, than to rush down and to devote all your influence to make the flames hotter, the discord more intense, the conflict more deeply envenomed? This is the noble ambition of Lord Cloncurry, and of people like him. He at least is aware that property and rank, if they have their rights, have also their duties. Whatever other Irish noblemen may do, he at all events will seize the occasion, nor be persuaded to flinch from his post, so long as he can be of service in heating the furnace of faction seven times hotter than its wont. Poor creatures, spiritless beings, paltry souls may, if they choose, talk about the blessedness of the peacemaker. Lord Cloncurry, we may be sure, will never stoop to peacemaking. The bliss of the peacemaker is a poor thing compared with the bliss of showing yourself to be eternally and intractably rancorous.

Everybody, unhappily, knows too well the state of Ireland at this moment. Everybody knows how much need there is of moderation and temper in all who have any connexion with the Government, or the parties, or the politics of the country. One would think that the most inflamed and unquenchable sort of partisan would be inclined for a moment to stay his hand and pause in his course. It would be unreasonable to expect political passion to extinguish itself, but it is so very unreasonable to expect it to burn rather lower for the time? Yes, according to Lord Cloncurry, very unreasonable indeed. The Lord Mayor of Dublin has been made a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Dublin. Granting—though we have no sort of reason for assuming it—that the appointment was for some reason an improper or unreasonable appointment, it could surely only make matters worse to fly into a violent passion about it in public, and write a rude declamatory and defamatory letter about it. Yet this is what Lord Cloncurry's good feeling and good sense, his amiability and his wisdom, have impelled him to do. He under-

stands that the Lord-Lieutenant has made a Deputy-Lieutenant of "Mr. C. White's ultra-radical electioneering agent." He must beg, therefore, that his own name may be instantly removed from "that dishonoured list." "Certainly in the present unhappy and disgraced state of Ireland, entirely caused by the past selfish conduct of the mendacious, mercenary professional agitators who so abound in this unfortunate country, it is a singular time to select one who was" so forth and so forth. Certainly also, we may add, in the present unhappy and distracted state of Ireland, it is a singular time for a hitherto respectable, if obscure, nobleman to come forward in a violent rage to do the best he can, by such bad language as he can command, to make the country still more "unhappy and disgraced." If times had been quiet, we should have only thought so violent and passionate a composition a matter of course in an intemperate Irish partisan. We expect such things. Such people always call those who differ from them by every evil name which their vocabulary furnishes—mercenary, mendacious, vile, flagitious, selfish, and all the other pretty words of the same stamp. These are merely the polite pleasantries of the hot-headed—their fashion of expressing that there is some slight difference of opinion between themselves and those at whom their vocabulary is levelled. But the present is just the reverse of a quiet time. It is a time alive with all sorts of vexations, mischief, and perils, both for Ireland and for England, both for one faction and the other. Pleasantries at such a moment jar upon one. Now, if ever, the customary amenities might be suspended. The delay, we all trust, will not be very prolonged. Before many weeks the imminence of the danger at least will, it is to be hoped, have passed away. Then Lord Cloncurry may, if he likes, return to the sweet pastures of factious bitterness and acrid partisanship. Sensible Englishmen would then content themselves with laughing at him and his bad language. As it is, we cannot quite laugh at so mistimed a burst of evil humour. Spleen and spitefulness, passion and perversity, may occasionally be out of place; and if ever this is true at all, it is true of Ireland now.

It is the existence of such a spirit as that shown by Lord Cloncurry in his letter to his "dear Howth" which enables one to understand better how so extraordinary a growth as Fenianism could be possible. Where there are Cloncurries there may well be Fenians, or any other sort of perverse and fatuous being. If a Fenian is incomprehensible, so is a Cloncurry; and neither is a bit more comprehensible than the other. One hears a good deal of the curses inflicted on the country by absenteeism, but it is clear that there are Irish grandees in whom absenteeism would be the most creditable and beneficial line of conduct that we can imagine. If there were many Cloncurries, the curses inflicted by their absenteeism would be very trivial compared with the curses inflicted by their presence. Lord Cloncurry declares that every loyal man who loves the best institutions of the country is as angry that the Lord Mayor is promoted to distinction as Lord Cloncurry himself. This may be or not, but the other loyal men have the good sense and good feeling to consult the public weal by keeping down their anger. All the loyal men do not write violent letters, and resign their duties and dignities out of spite and unreasonable fury. What would one think of two rival apothecaries disputing and wrangling over the bed of a patient in the crisis of a fever, instead of combining to cure and assist him? And this is an exact parallel to the case of Ireland. That country—one is too weary, alas! of the usual epithets, luckless, hapless, wretched, unfortunate—is in a truly critical condition. The Fenians may be, and are, a fatuous and misguided crew. But there they are, and they mean a very great deal. The mere fact of such a rising being at all possible means a great deal. And when they have vanished into the limbo whence they came, it will be for us to set to work, by legislation, and by the formation of a vigorous and beneficent public opinion, to render such another outbreak impossible. Yet what prospect can there be, not only of terminating the present miserable affair, but of laying firmer and more stable foundations for a state of things in which Fenianism or the like will be inconceivable, so long as that spirit of which Lord Cloncurry's letter to Lord Howth is so wonderful an example remains in all its untempered acrimony? What hope can we see of working any cure while those who ought, by example and thought, to be devising remedies, are occupied in wrangling and reviling? It is of no use to boast of loyalty, if loyalty does not assume prudent and practicable forms. If loyalty only means a narrow, bigoted, and perverse adherence to the precise letter and pattern of existing institutions, it partakes much more of a vice than a virtue. If it means, as it appears to do in Lord Cloncurry's case, a readiness to fly into a huff the moment any recognition is extended to people with other principles and other opinions than one's own, we fail to see that loyalty has many practical advantages over its opposite. If Ireland requires one thing more than another as an indispensable condition of improvement, it is that people of rank and station should acquire something like dignified moderation in their views about their opponents—something as little like the spirit of Lord Cloncurry's blustering effusion as can be. What makes one almost despair is the unavoidable idea that such a person is too much of a type.

## THE SNIDER RIFLE.

SIX months ago there was great exultation over the remarkable success which had attended the conversion of the Enfield rifle into a breech-loader. Now nothing is heard but complaints of the utter failure of the new arm, confirmed by evasive answers to Parliamentary inquiries on the subject. Which are we to believe—the Report of a Committee who applied the severest possible tests both to the new rifle and to its ammunition, or the adverse rumours which it seems that no one is able to contradict? Paradoxical as it may be thought, the favourable Report and the damaging rumours are equally true. The rifles and the cartridges tested last summer were, beyond all question, as surprisingly good as they were declared to be; while those that have since been supplied are far worse in their performances than the most hostile critics had imagined. It is extremely difficult to discover the truth in a matter which has been so carefully hushed up, but we have no doubt that the real explanation of the paradox is this:—Since the trials in the summer the cartridge has been altered, and rendered worthless. If this were all, the spoiled cartridges might be thrown away, and the old pattern again adopted. But, unfortunately, many thousands of rifles have also been altered to fit the new cartridge, and it is very doubtful whether they can ever be restored to their original form. Probably all the rifles so altered will have to be thrown away too. All that can be done now is to prevent further destruction by instantly stopping the process of conversion, which, if allowed to go on according to the present arrangements, will end by destroying the whole million of arms which it is proposed to convert. We should be very glad to find ourselves mistaken in this conjectural explanation; but we will state the grounds on which our apprehensions rest, that our readers may judge for themselves whether they are well-founded or not.

General Hay's Reports are now before the public, and there is no longer any doubt that the arm, or rather the Boxer cartridge, has proved a lamentable failure. Indeed the War Office has shown itself fully conscious of the disaster by the refusal to furnish converted rifles for the Wimbledon competition for the Queen's Prize. Nothing ought to have been more grateful to the authorities than an opportunity of applying the most searching test to the arm which they are manufacturing by hundreds of thousands. No number of official experiments could compare for one moment with the test which three days' shooting at Wimbledon by a couple of thousand of picked shots, all doing their very utmost to win, would furnish. The records of past contests tell us to a nicety what these men can do with the old Enfield. The variations in the average from year to year are so moderate and gradual as to exclude any capricious chance of error, unless the weather should be more unfavourable than it has ever been during the Wimbledon week, which, notwithstanding recent good fortune in this respect, is a scarcely credible hypothesis. If the Government had not shrunk from the public trial of their pet weapon, they would scarcely have hit upon the foolish pretext that it was impossible, not to give, but to lend 2,000 rifles for a week or two, until the whole army had been permanently supplied with the arm. The failure up to the present time is complete; and even without the admission implied in the refusal of the request made by the Association, it is abundantly proved. A few figures will show that there is no exaggeration in this statement. In the trials made by the Experimental Committee it was found that at 500 yards the average error with the converted rifle was about one foot, against more than eighteen inches with the old Enfield; at 800 yards three feet four inches, against three feet nine inches; and at 1,000 yards about five feet eight inches, against seven feet eleven inches. As the utmost expectation had been to equal the unconverted arm, this great increase of accuracy was a subject of unbounded congratulation. The trial was scarcely less favourable in other particulars. It is quite as important in a military arm that it should have a low trajectory as that its accuracy should be up to a high standard; for the lower the trajectory the greater is the distance which the bullet will command with fatal effect, instead of flying far above the heads of the enemy. In this respect also the comparison was satisfactory, for the trajectory was found to be as nearly as might be identical with that of the old arm.

We now come to the second trial. Early in October a batch of rifles and ammunition was sent to Hythe, and the shooting was so wild that General Hay was unable to obtain any diagrams at all. "Many shots," says the General, "fall short of the target, and others go no one knows where. The markers in the butt state that they hear the report from the firing point, but can hear nothing of the bullet." General Hay adds that, in his opinion, the defect is in the cartridge, and not in the gun. Whether these No. 1 cartridges supplied in October were of the same pattern as those with which the original trials were made, is one of the mysteries not yet revealed; but it is equally difficult to understand either why a pattern found excellent in August should prove worthless in October, or why a very good pattern should have been replaced by a very bad one. However, the failure having taken place, cartridge No. 2 was sent down in January to be experimented upon. This appears to have been not quite so bad as No. 1, for General Hay did succeed in getting a diagram, but one so deplorably bad as to make the failure more conspicuous, if less extreme, than on the former trial. The shooting was at a range of 600 yards, and the average error was four feet, against one foot eight inches with the muzzle-loading Enfield. In other words,

there was a falling off in accuracy of 140 per cent., in place of the improvement of about 30 per cent. which the original experiments would have led one to expect. An equally grave defect was found in the trajectory, for the rifles, instead of shooting at the same elevation as before conversion, had to be elevated one-third more than the old muzzle-loader. In both respects the converted arm completely broke down. In this emergency an attempt was made to see whether the gun, though unable to fire a bullet of the standard weight, might not make better practice with a shorter and lighter bullet, and cartridge No. 3 was accordingly supplied. In this the weight of the bullet was reduced from 525 to 480 grains, and the result was, that the accuracy obtained at 600 yards was equal, and at 800 yards superior, to that of the old arm, but still very inferior to that obtained by the Ordnance Committee. This partial recovery was, however, neutralized by the discovery that even with No. 3 cartridge, notwithstanding the lightness of the bullet and the consequent sacrifice of penetrating power, the trajectory was still much higher than that of the old arm.

These are extremely unsatisfactory results, and if it is true, as seems to be admitted on all hands, that the fault is in the cartridge and not in the principle of the gun, the result is the more astounding. We have not yet forgotten that in the discussion as to who was entitled to be considered the inventor of the Metford-Rigby cartridge, Colonel Boxer maintained, and, as was universally admitted, with good reason, that whoever invented it, the cartridge to which he had attached his name was "a complete cartridge for breech-loading arms, which fulfilled in a remarkable degree all necessary conditions for military purposes." Moreover, in order to establish some sort of claim to originality in a cartridge made up of the separate inventions of others, Colonel Boxer laid great stress on the exact details of what he called his new combination, and insisted that "any material deviation from the nicely-adjusted combination which he had adopted would cause failure." We are not now considering how much exaggeration there may have been in this view, but it is not a little odd that in the cartridge now in favour the nice adjustment is varied by a change of more than ten per cent. in the weight of the bullet, and by a very material and injurious alteration in the construction of the cartridge-head. Whether these changes were introduced because the originally perfect cartridge failed on a more extended trial, or from mere caprice, or from any other motive, it is impossible to say without further information than the Government has yet made public. It is not stated whether the No. 1 cartridges sent to Hythe in October were of the original successful pattern, though we believe they were not; but No. 2 and No. 3 seem to have been alike, except in the weight of the bullet, and No. 3, which we have before us, certainly does contain the altered form of the cartridge-head. From the configuration of the last pattern, it is certain that the form of the chamber must have been altered to fit it; and if that is so, we have at least a *prima facie* explanation of the untoward results. The original pattern cartridge has been injudiciously changed and spoilt, the guns have been altered to match the cartridge, and thus it has become impracticable, without first restoring the guns, even if this has not been made impossible, to fall back upon the original cartridge. We have no doubt that Colonel Boxer had got a very good cartridge in August; but he did not know how to let well alone, and has since not only spoilt the cartridge, but damaged the rifles (we fear beyond recovery) by making them unfit for the only form of cartridge which has proved successful. We can only give this as a highly probable inference from the circumstances we have stated, though we have no doubt of its accuracy, because the real facts are still involved in the deepest official mystery; but the truth ought to be known, and no doubt would be known if some honourable member would move for a return of the successive modifications introduced into the pattern arm and cartridge, or either of them, since the experiments of the Ordnance Committee, together with the details of the trials of each pattern. With these facts before them, there are scores of mechanicians in the country who would turn out any required number of cartridges up to the standard originally attained, and this without sacrificing the weight of the bullet; but it is said that the authorities have scornfully rejected offers of assistance in a work which they are palpably unable to perform themselves.

The only excuse as yet offered for the Government is that the difficulty has arisen from the enlarged scale of manufacture, and only needs time and consideration to remove it. In truth, the scale of the manufacture is not the main cause of the difficulty—if indeed it has anything at all to do with it; but if to time and consideration be added skill, which the department has hitherto neither supplied from its own resources nor condescended to obtain from without, we have not the least doubt that the mischief may be cured so far as the rifles yet unconverted are concerned. The rifle and its ammunition can be made, and ought to be made, in bulk, as good as on the first trial. If 5,000 rounds of perfect cartridges could be supplied in June, there is no reason whatever why equally effective cartridges should not be supplied by millions; and it is to be observed that at this moment the department not only fails in the supply in bulk, but is incapable of sending to General Hay a single thousand of cartridges up to the prescribed standard. Two things may be regarded as certain—first, that the weapon may in skillful hands be made as perfect as it was originally reported to be, and that no alarm need be felt at its apparent failure; secondly, that "somebody has blundered," and that the first thing to be done is to find out and remove the cause of failure. If



all the facts were but placed within reach of those who have skill to use them, the Government would not have long to wait for suggestions which would enable them to retrieve their mistakes; but official secrecy and official incompetence together have as yet altogether neutralized the value of an invention of undoubted excellence and vital national importance. Sir John Pakington is an outspoken and energetic Minister. Will he give us, as his first official act, a full disclosure of the secret history of the Snider rifle? And in the meantime will he stop the destruction of our store of arms which is now going on under the name of conversion?

#### THE VOLUNTEER QUESTION.

THE conversation which took place at the end of last week on the employment of the Volunteers at riots developed very little else beside that which it was hardly worth while to take so much trouble to develop—the doubts and vacillations of Mr. Secretary Walpole. If the promised "Instructions" are to be no clearer than the opinion which the Home Secretary expressed on that occasion, we pity the officers of any Volunteer corps who may happen to find themselves in any town threatened by a turbulent mob and not defended by a military garrison.

The upshot of the opinions most authoritatively expressed is this. Every Volunteer is exactly under the same obligation as every other subject of the Queen to take his part in the suppression of treasons, felonies, and riots. Every man, whether he wear a brown coat or a red coat, is under that obligation. Every militiaman, every linesman, is bound by it. But then comes this peculiarity. The duty of the militiaman or the linesman is his duty, not as a soldier, but as a citizen. This is the gist of the concurrent dicta of eminent judges. We might infer from this that any soldier might, on seeing a riot, take his musket, and rush into the thick of the mob and fire away; or that, at any rate, he might do this if ordered by the Sheriff or by a magistrate. No such thing. The soldier cannot use his arms except on duty, and under the orders of his own officers. The dicta, then, of eminent judges are not of unqualified stringency. The soldiers who are to put down riots must act under their own officers, and according to the rules of military discipline. In fact, then, they act not as citizens, but as soldiers; and they act as soldiers in the discharge of a duty which is eminently that of a citizen. It is only in the discharge of a duty which the common law imposes on all citizens that they are expected to act at all; and it is only in military form and with military organization that they are called on to act. The Volunteers, however, may act individually, and may not act as a body, for the same objects and under the same circumstances. A single Volunteer may, if ordered by a magistrate, take a weapon, his own rifle in fact, and may station himself along with other armed men, and may fire at a mob, at the discretion of a magistrate. But a body of Volunteers cannot, generally speaking, be marched out under the command of their own officers to do that very thing which every subject of the Crown is, by the common law of the land, bound and expected to do. This is puzzling enough, as exhibiting a wondrous inconsistency of principle. But the practice is still more perplexing, for it is inconsistent both with the principle and with itself. According to Mr. Walpole's contradictory explanation, the principle we have above laid down is to be of general application; but at the same time it is to be liable to exceptions, according to the urgency of local circumstances, or the requisition of local authorities, or the orders of the Secretary of State.

It would thus seem that the Volunteers, in their corporate capacity, are as exempt as clergymen from the obligations of a common law duty; and that their commanding officers have no more legal power to call on them to aid in the suppression of riots than the Bishop of any diocese would have to incorporate the prebendaries of his cathedral for the same purpose; unless, indeed, some emergency not yet defined justify some special instructions not yet issued. This can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory state of things, either by the public or by the Volunteers. And yet it is impossible not to see that this general exemption is approved both by the House of Commons and by many of the Volunteers themselves. To us this is the worst side of the whole question. We are perfectly ready to admit that the greatest discretion must be observed in using troops of any kind for the suppression of riots. Neither linesmen nor militiamen nor Volunteers should be called out except in great emergencies. This is clear. But we do not see why any armed force should be exempted from giving what must be a very useful and efficient aid towards the suppression of dangerous riots. And the reasons alleged for this exemption make the matter rather worse. It is said, first, that the action of Yeomanry, as at Peterloo, is highly obnoxious; that a local corps knows too much of local feuds and prejudices; that it is less patient, less well-disciplined, and more vindictive than regular soldiers. All this is true; but, for all that, occasions do and will arise when some armed intervention is absolutely necessary, and when local corps, in the absence of others, must be used. As we have before remarked, the mobility of our regular army is not a constant quantity, always to be relied on. A body of insurgents may tear up rails, and destroy telegraph lines, and render all communication impossible. In such a case, mere policemen with their staves, or even with their swords, are, in England, all but useless against organized disturbance. A disciplined body of

armed men is then indispensable. Yeomanry or militiamen, in the absence of regular soldiers, must be employed; and generally can be employed with effect. It is comparatively immaterial that their employment is not popular. Is it the less of two evils that a dangerous riot should rage unchecked than that an unpopular arm should effect its suppression? But if Yeomanry or militiamen can, and often must, be used in such a service, why not Volunteers? They have neither more nor less of local sentiment, prejudice, or sympathy than the generality of militiamen. Whatever objection applies to the one class applies to the other, and in just the same degree.

But the objection urged against the use of the Volunteers goes further than this, and suggests some very disagreeable reflections. It was hinted in the House that as riots generally proceed from political feeling, and as all Volunteers have their own political opinions, it would be virtually impossible to lead out a company of Volunteers to act against a mob in which their comrades might be embodied. We do not know whether the people who suggest this argument have well considered all its bearings. Here is a body of men, incorporated by law, officered, disciplined, armed, and exercised in the use of weapons of precision for the defence of the kingdom against foreign attack. Yet of this force it is said that its members have so little regard for law, order, and property, or such a dread of Mrs. Grundy, that, if a mob gathered together by the impulse of some political excitement, and evidently bent on some political object, in its enthusiasm attacked and fired, as Lord George Gordon's mob attacked and fired, first the houses of their avowed, next those of their imaginary, enemies—then the sympathies of some of the Volunteers might be on the side of the turbulent and felonious mob, and their comrades would not act against them. We do not suppose it possible for the bitterest enemy of the Volunteer organization to say a harsher word or harbour a harsher thought against it than this. If there were any foundation for such a belief and such an imputation, the Volunteer corps should all be broken up to-morrow. To say that we have 150,000 armed men, skilled in the use of the rifle, accustomed to military manoeuvres, and in the prime of life, who cannot be implicitly trusted to assist in preventing riot, arson, and pillage, is to give the very darkest notion, not of the Volunteers alone, but of the social condition of England. Nor is the matter mended by the explanatory comment that men who would not raise their arm against a countryman would gladly and patriotically raise it against a foreign foe. If the foreign foe did ever land in the sense in which such an expression is generally used, we have little doubt that the bulk of the Volunteers would be ready to give him the reception he deserved. But there are different sorts of foreign invasion, and the style of argument now in vogue might be equally used to exempt Volunteers from meeting a domestic and an alien enemy. For instance, there is a large infusion of half-Americans in the Fenian ranks. At present opinion is divided on the question of employing the Volunteers against them. They are, it is said, born Irish, not Americans; and they are actuated by political passions not wholly unshared by some English Volunteers. Suppose, then, an infusion of pure Americans; still the same pretext would be urged for the same exemption. It would be said that it was a question of Irish politics; the insurgents wished to change the obnoxious laws of land, and to remove the dominant Church Establishment; and though it was true that some American sympathizers had joined the movement, still it was essentially Irish, and, being Irish, it should not call for the action of the Volunteers. In this way, and by this kind of reasoning, foreign intrigue might conspire with domestic sedition to spoil our arsenals, pillage our towns, and get possession of our garrisons; and yet the Volunteers, in their corporate capacity, might plead their special exemption from a common duty, and look peacefully on while plunder and arson were raging around.

This condition of things would be highly ludicrous if it were not lamentable. There is something grotesquely absurd in the contemplation of an armed and disciplined body which is precluded by law from acting together for the preservation of the public peace, but of which individual members may act for that purpose, provided that they either substitute the policemen's staves for their own rifles, or take other rifles from the Sheriff. Moreover, there is something worse than ludicrous in the matter. The plea that is put forward for this exemption really points to one of the most awkward features of the age—namely, the propensity to subordinate national sentiment to individual opinion and personal crotchets. Authority seems as powerless nowadays to inspire, as it is incapable of relying on, the patriotic instincts of the country. Under a Cromwell or a Chatham it would have been impossible to pass an Act which allowed of such an exemption as is now claimed on behalf of the Volunteers; and, if a great crisis ever again does evoke great men in this country, it will be equally impossible to perpetuate such exemptions.

#### THE STRATEGY OF BENEDEK.

IT has never been the fashion at Vienna to publish officially accounts of any campaign in which the Austrian army was concerned. As, however, public spirit has gradually loosened the fetters of the old Spanish method of government, the concession has been made of permitting private narratives to appear, drawn up by different officers employed in the field, or even by those in

the Ministry of War, with free use of the records of their office. Saving only certain instances of the *suppressio veri*, these accounts are generally remarkable for their honesty and closeness of detail, and it is impossible to write the whole history of any war in which Austria mingled without access to them at first or second-hand. For want of such we have hitherto been guessing in the dark at the proceedings of Benedek last summer. Now, however, the details are appearing at Vienna bit by bit, and gradually giving us the means of connecting the whole proceedings of the army which was shattered at Königgrätz.

Naturally enough, the first narrative to appear was that of Gablenz's victory (for it was no less) over Bonin's corps at Trautenau. Count Clam-Gallas has sought to vindicate his damaged reputation by publishing the particulars of his attempts to carry out the contradictory orders which reached him and his Saxon allies from Benedek or the Chief of the Staff. To these have been lately added minute accounts of all the movements of the 6th and 2nd Corps. Putting these materials together, we are now enabled to divine most of the errors into which the Austrian leader fell. It has long been known that the needle-gun, and the ready organization of the Prussians, could not, alone or together, account fully for the complete superiority which they gained within the first week of their appearance in Bohemia. We purpose to trace very briefly the movements by which Benedek attempted to foil their combination, and we shall see a third strong reason for the disasters which befel his army.

Having had placed under him in May seven corps and five separate divisions of cavalry, the veteran general was ordered to remain on the defensive—partly for political reasons; partly on account of the deficiencies of the Commissariat, and the slow system of detached depôts, which had left most of his battalions far under their normal strength. The Prussians opposed him with two separate great armies; threatening him with the one from the side of Silesia, on the line through Olmutz to Vienna; with the other, on the frontier of Saxony. His first care was to secure the retreat of the friendly troops from that little kingdom, the abandonment of which was enforced by his general instructions; and this duty was entrusted to the single corps (1st) of Clam-Gallas, which was posted along the Iser with one brigade on the opposite (or western) bank of the Elbe, so as to cover the *debouchés* of the whole of the Saxon defiles. The Count's great influence as a local magnate, and his long previous command of the forces round Prague, seemed to mark him out for this service. To cover his front, Edelsheim's light cavalry division was added temporarily to his force. That officer threw two regiments in detachments along the mountains, to watch the passes from near Josephstadt to the west limits of the Saxon kingdom; and held the rest in reserve at Turnau. Clam-Gallas was directed to combine with the duty of covering the Saxon retreat that of being ready, whenever summoned, to join the main army either at Königgrätz or Böhmisch Trübau. From this instruction it is evident that the Prussians were at first expected to issue from Glatz in force either southward or westward, and that the combined movement which actually took place by the last line, simultaneously with the advance from Saxony, was not at all provided for in Benedek's original orders. He was clinging to Olmutz, under the idea that the blow, if not directed on his right near that place, would fall on his centre, towards which he proceeded to echelon his corps as they came to hand from the south. At the outbreak of hostilities the 2nd Corps and 4th alone were there, the rest on the march by Olmutz, or by the direct line into Bohemia through Brunn. When the invasion of Saxony was reported, and brought assurance that a large part of the enemy's forces would be employed to the west of Silesia, Benedek at once decided to cease his watch southward of that province, and get nearer to his left wing on the Iser. This decision seems to have been reached as early as the 18th, when the 2nd Corps was thrown forward by brigades to occupy the passes south of Glatz, and cover the movement of the army to its left.

This took place in three great columns. On the right, the 4th and 6th Corps, with one division (1st) of reserve cavalry, skirted the foot of the mountains, making for Solnitz, whence a long day's march north-westward would bring them to Josephstadt. The 10th Corps followed them from Olmutz by forced marches. The 3rd and 8th Corps, and 3rd cavalry division left the railroad at Wildenschwert, taking the direct line across country for Josephstadt, and leaving Königgrätz just to the left. The reserve artillery and 2nd cavalry divisions moved parallel to the rest by the great road through Hohenmauth to Königgrätz. It was not until the 25th of June that the concentration towards Josephstadt was so far effected that the covering (2nd) Corps received orders to follow, and to be on the 28th at Opocno, twelve miles S.W. of Josephstadt. The 2nd light cavalry division joined it as it moved. At the same date the 6th Corps was close to Opocno, where it had been halted in consequence of the demonstrations of the Crown Prince to the south of Glatz. The 10th Corps had passed just beyond Josephstadt. The 4th was further on still to the north-west, beyond Koniginhof. The 3rd and 8th were between Königgrätz and Josephstadt. In plain fact the army was concentrated strategically, except as regards the 2nd Corps, and Gallas's wing. That general should have now had the Saxons behind him, for they had used the railroad up the Elbe to help their junction with the main army. But on

their way to Pardubitz their Prince received Benedek's request to support Gallas in maintaining the line of the Iser. This was on the 21st; and it seems clear that the double movement of the Prussians was even then partially expected. Awaiting its development, the army had got into the positions above mentioned; but the 2nd Corps needed three days to come in.

On the 26th the cavalry outposts warned Benedek of the approach of the enemy by Trautenau. The 10th Corps was moved to stop that pass. There was no alarm on the Nachod side; and Benedek, beginning to be uneasy at the reports of the great force gathering before his left wing, ordered the 6th Corps to cross the Elbe next day, and march on Horitz. Another false report the same day of a passage of the mountains south of Glatz caused half the corps to be first moved a few miles that way. This being contradicted, the bridges were cast to march westward on the 27th, the object being to connect with and support the left wing through Gitschin.

At 1.30 A.M. on the 27th came a new and sudden order to move on Skalitz and Nachod. The 6th Corps marched at four, came to blows with Steinmetz in fair ground, and were very decisively beaten, mainly (as their commander asserts) by the superior weapons of the enemy. Driven back on Skalitz, they were relieved next morning by the 8th Corps; the 4th Corps was advanced to Dolan, three miles in their rear, except one brigade which had been directed to support Gablenz. That general had beaten off Bonin from Trautenau, but the pass to his right by Braunau being perfectly open, the Prussian Guards had marched clean through it, and were close to his right.

Next day was fatal to Benedek's reputation, as to his army; but on the 26th and 27th he had already seriously compromised the left wing by contradictory and dangerous instructions. The defence of Count Clam-Gallas contains clear proofs of the indecision and insufficiency of the orders of his chief. It is known from that document (which is supported by quotations from Benedek's despatches, and approved by the Emperor) that a telegram from headquarters on the 26th directed the whole line of the Iser "to be held at all costs"; that at noon next day a second order left this "to the discretion of the Crown Prince who commanded the Saxons," who was acting as senior officer of the whole wing; that the retreat then agreed on by the allied generals was interrupted near Gitschin by a request to the Crown Prince "to wait for the 3rd Corps, which would be there that day (the 29th), and to expect the 4th Corps the following morning, to move in support of the whole"; that during the fight which ensued that afternoon a staff officer arrived with positive injunctions "to avoid all contest with superior forces, and to retire on the main army, as the whole four corps had another destination," and thus completed the confusion which reigned throughout the allies. It is further shown, in an account, already referred to, of the first combat near Skalitz, that 60,000 men were echeloned at night-fall at points within easy supporting distance of the 8th Corps, which Steinmetz next day was allowed to overwhelm. From the narratives of both sides it has long been clear that Benedek made no movement to reap the benefit of Gablenz's success at Trautenau, but left him, weakened by the fearful losses there received, to be exposed to the full shock of the Guards coming up on his flank; and this though the 4th Corps, which was at hand at Dolan, was unused either against Steinmetz or in the promised support of the Saxon Prince. It is clear, therefore, that the Austrian chief lacked decision at the critical hour in the use of the forces gathered round Josephstadt; and the secret of his condition is hardly explained by his published order to Ramming of the night of the 26th-27th, in which he speaks of "the march of the army near that fortress being yet incomplete." In short, Von Moltke's combination, though but the repetition of Frederick's futile invasion of 1776 so well known to Austrian annalists, was not met in time by his opponent, who lost the nerve and readiness which no officer of our age has better shown in minor commands. This is especially manifest in the simple matter of the bringing in of the 2nd Corps, the only one not in hand on the 27th, if the left wing be excepted. On that night Count Thun and his corps had reached Solnitz, and bivouacked there on their way to Opocno. Reports reached them of fighting, and in the evening an order came hurrying them onward; but no change of direction. By mid-day on the 28th Steinmetz had attacked and begun to drive Leopold's (8th) Corps at Skalitz, and although the troops of Thun pressed on, their march at 4 P.M. only brought them in rear of the beaten Austrians. An order on the evening before for a direct movement on Skalitz from Solnitz would have placed them on Steinmetz's flank just as he began his battle; and this 2nd Corps, being one of the few Benedek had of the normal strength, might have brought 30,000 men into action, whilst the 4th and 6th Corps supported Leopold directly. It is difficult to tell how far the consequences would have reached; but just then Benedek plainly had the project of a concentration on his left, to encounter Prince Frederic Charles near Gitschin. Whilst vacillating thus, he was struck desperately at both extremities by his emboldened enemies, and lost his chance of dealing hardly with either. We do not pretend here to distribute the blame between him and his staff. A Commander-in-Chief must needs be held responsible for the action of those who are his direct subordinates.



## REVIEWS.

## THE EARLIER LETTERS OF LAMENNAIS.\*

THE literary representative and the relatives of Lamennais quarrelled about the publication of his letters, and so these letters are given to the world in separate parcels. One portion, comprising those which Lamennais had in his possession at his death, and published by M. Forgues, his literary executor, has been already noticed in our columns. But Lamennais's family interfered, and prevented him from publishing any others. M. Forgues's collection was accordingly very imperfect in some important respects, and the note *Lettre supprimée*, recurring constantly, kept before the reader's mind the gaps to which a legal decision had condemned him. The family, in the person of Lamennais's nephew, M. A. Blaize, now bring out their portion of the correspondence. With the private quarrel, which seems to have been a very pretty one—M. Forgues accusing M. Blaize, the nephew, of spiteful jealousy because his uncle had passed him over in his will, and M. Blaize accusing M. Forgues, to whom Lamennais had deliberately entrusted all his literary property, of incompetency for his task and ignorance of Lamennais's life and mind—we have nothing to do. But it is inconvenient to the public that the two gentlemen should not have been able to come to some understanding. There is nothing in M. Blaize's volumes equal in value, for the middle part of Lamennais's life, to the correspondence which Lamennais himself had collected, and which M. Forgues has published, with M. de Coriolis, M. de Vitrolles, and above all with the family of De Senft—letters unfolding at great length and with much care his ideas, at a critical time, to persons whose intelligence he respected. But the second collection has an interest of another kind. It illustrates that part of Lamennais's life on which M. Forgues's work threw no light—the early part of it, before the *Essai sur l'Indifférence* gave him his sudden and fatal renown. The letters generally of M. Blaize's collection, many of them to the elder brother Jean, are far less elaborate than those of M. Forgues's volumes. They are more offhand, familiar, and unguarded. But M. Blaize is right in saying that they reveal the man more fully even than those which Lamennais himself destined for publication.

Félicité Lamennais was one of the sons of a hard-headed, public-spirited St. Malo merchant, half trader, half privateer owner, with quite as much taste for ventures of the latter sort as for those of more peaceful commerce. Among other things which these letters show is the keen interest which Lamennais, in the hottest times when he was fighting Gallicanism and laying down metaphysical foundations for Infallibility, always took in a speculation as such, and the zest with which he entered into the details of an account, the probabilities and operations of an adventure, or the niceties of a question of profit and loss. There was always a vein of the keen St. Malo man of business in the subtle theologian and abstract system-maker; and there was a kind of analogy in the invariable ill success of his bold and confident calculations, and the unexamined breakdown of his peremptory and absolute theories. Lamennais passed his boyhood under the Revolution and the Reign of Terror. Probably, as M. Blaize says, a naturally nervous temperament was strongly acted on by the conditions of the time. The boy, in his case, was the father of the man; small, frail, and sickly, with a head too big for his feeble body, he is described as irritable, wayward, solitary, and subject to accessions of rage which ended in fainting fits. He used to tell a story himself, that when only eight years old, he was with his nurse on the ramparts of St. Malo, watching a storm at sea; and, as he expressed it; "il crut voir l'infini et sentir Dieu." Then, astonished at his own thoughts, and looking at the other spectators, he said to himself, "They are looking at what I am looking at, but they do not see what I see." His comment in later years was characteristic:—

Il ne racontait jamais cette anecdote sans ajouter: "toutes les fois que mes souvenirs me reportent vers ces temps éloignés, une telle pensée d'orgueil dans un enfant de huit ans me fait encore frémir."

He was right, and his theological enemies were right, in talking about his extravagant pride. But his pride was just as evident when he was their triumphant champion; only they did not find it out then.

Neither M. Blaize's introduction nor the letters show very clearly what it was that threw Lamennais into his peculiar line of religious thought. St. Malo had its full share of suffering under the Terror. The clergy, especially, says M. Blaize, both suffered and took their revenge. On the one hand, Lamennais's father, though he had been ennobled under Louis XVI., had the uninterrupted confidence of the revolutionary Government, and filled important municipal offices; on the other hand, his house was one of those where, at the risk of their lives, the proscribed clergy celebrated mass:—

À St.-Malo, on accueillit mal la déesse Raison, difficile à reconnaître, il est vrai, sous les traits de la fille d'un cordonnier sans-culotte nommé Oré. Le danger exaltait la foi; on risquait sa tête pour adorer son Dieu. Parfois, le soir, un prêtre non-assermenté, l'abbé Vieille, se glissait à l'aide d'un déguisement dans la demeure de la famille La Mennais. On se réunissait à minuit dans une mansarde. La chère Villemain, si dévouée à ses maîtres, veillait au-dehors. Deux bougies brûlaient sur une table, transformée en autel. M.

Vieille, assisté de Jean de La Mennais, alors âgé de treize ans, disait la messe; avec quelle ferveur on priait! Le prêtre bénissait les vieillards et les enfants et se retirait avant le jour. Ces scènes de nuit avaient frappé si fortement l'imagination de Féli, que, cinquante ans après, il n'en parlait qu'avec émotion.

Probably the religious opinions and sympathies of the family were sharply contrasted; and the elder brother Jean, afterwards the founder of a great educational order, and long the counsellor and second self of "Féli," had already devoted himself enthusiastically to the priesthood. But the younger brother at least was not brought up under ecclesiastical influence, or that influence does not appear. His chief instructor was a clever and childless uncle, M. des Soubrais, who went with them by the name of Tonton; far from a freethinker and eighteenth-century philosopher, but also far from straitlaced strictness or zeal—something of a humourist and a critic, a poetical translator of Horace and the Book of Job, and a great reader of Montaigne, Pascal, and La Bruyère. He turned young Lamennais loose into a miscellaneous library, for the boy to read what he liked; he wrote letters to him of literary comment and counsels, putting sensible commonplaces into neatly-turned epigrams, and recommending above all things the condensation and strength of the old French classics. He had his playful sarcasms on the positiveness and the uncertainty of metaphysics, and he rallies his nephew on his hard reasoning; "ta logique, mon cher Féli, est bien serrée, bien raide, et bien rude; ne pourrais-tu pas en atténuer les conséquences?" But there is nothing in all this to account for the peculiar religious turn of Lamennais's mind. It accounts for his being a reader of Malebranche and Pascal, but not for his hostility to the doctrines current among the French clergy, unless the feebleness, cowardice, and shallow ignorance with which they were maintained account for it. "Tonton" was the declared enemy of everything violent and overstrained, both in thought and in taste; and it was not from him that his nephew learnt to hate compromise and halting theories. He passed his early youth in his father's country-house, and found a merchant's life and home very dull. "Il a écrit," says M. Blaize, "cette boutade. L'ennui naquit en famille—une soirée d'hiver." He had thoughts, which came to nothing, of going out to the Isle of France to make his fortune; he fought a duel; he read Rousseau, and went through a phase of doubt, astonishing the priest who undertook to prepare him for his first communion. His youth, says M. Blaize in a common and intelligible French phrase, "ne fut pas sans orages"; but it ended in strong religious convictions, and in 1807, at twenty-two, "he made his first communion, and his brother Jean was ordained priest." During the next few years he seems to have been either in retirement with his brother at *La Chénais*, a little property near Dinan which he was to make famous, reading Pascal, Malebranche, and the Fathers, plunging deep into philosophy, ecclesiastical history and controversy, making some acquaintance with Shakspeare and Dryden, and interchanging literary ideas with "Tonton"; or else teaching mathematics in an ecclesiastical seminary which his brother and his friends had set up at St. Malo. When the correspondence opens, we find him in full conflict with the University, in the cause of ecclesiastical rights and liberty of instruction, against the interference of a jealous and irreligious State system.

From this time forward he had taken his line; and everything goes forward in a rapid and natural development, to the *Essai sur l'Indifférence*, and the daring Ultramontanism of the *Avenir*. We soon get into the thick of his enthusiastic theories and prospects, and his enthusiastic and merciless hatreds; his fierce bursts of wrath against insidious and corrupt Governments—Imperial, and still more, Legitimate; his bitter sneers against the self-seeking, the ineptitude, the dull insensibility of the clergy brought up under the old system. In this there is nothing new; the interest of the letters is that they exhibit these feelings gradually taking shape and increasing in strength. M. Forgues's volumes had already shown how remarkably two things were combined in Lamennais—the passion and the power of abstract rigorous thinking, and an intense force and sensitiveness of feeling, quickly moved and insatiable in its demands, and issuing in the most unmeasured attachment and the most unmeasured detestation. Few men loved so tenderly and devotedly while his affection lasted, or hated so deeply, as this hard reasoner and theorizer. His nephew says that in his sympathies and antipathies he was alike apt to change:—

Dans la vie privée il apportait la vivacité de sentiments et l'esprit absolu que l'on remarque dans ses écrits. Ses amitiés se modifiaient comme ses idées; elles avaient en quelque sorte une couleur locale; aussi, sauf de rares exceptions, elles ont été plutôt des relations passagères que des attachements durables. . . . on savait son extrême facilité et on en abusait souvent. Il accordait de suite sa confiance et répondait à toutes les lettres qui lui étaient adressées. . . . Combien de fois il a été indignement trompé. . . . Après une de ces déceptions si fréquentes, il nous disait en souriant, "En vérité, je crois que si l'on m'assurait que la lune est tombée sur le boulevard Montmartre, je prendrais ma canne et mon chapeau pour l'aller voir."

But this is hardly a fair account; for though with the common run of people he was easily offended by opposition or even neutrality, and when offended was ready to exaggerate the offence into something gross and unpardonable, he had attachments which bore the severe strain put upon them, and endured in spite of the most disturbing changes. What these earlier letters specially disclose is, generally, the dark, gloomy, hopeless view of life which from the first had possession of Lamennais's mind; and particularly the remarkable circumstances which accompanied his resolution to enter into orders. As to the first point, young men sometimes indulge in sentimental melancholy; and the tendency to this was no doubt

\* Œuvres inédites de F. Lamennais. Publiées par A. Blaize. 2 vols. Paris: Dentu. 1866.

greater in the beginning of the century than it is now. But the gloom and despair of Lamennais was not sentimental; it weighed on him in spite of extreme activity and occupation of mind, and an absorbing interest in all that was passing in the world; and it was proof against a high-wrought and sincere devotion. In spite of bursts of fervid and mystical rapture, at bottom there is, as soon as he begins to disclose himself, not merely suffering, but an overwhelming depression which clothes everything round him, and his own fate, in hopeless darkness. He speaks of his "inexplicable torments," and of living continually in a state "of which anguish is the staple."

On corrige l'esprit [he writes to his brother], mais on ne refait pas le cœur; la Providence a mis dans le mien une source de douleur qui s'est répandue sur ma vie dès naissance et ne s'épuisera qu'avec elle. (December, 1810.)

He is thoroughly sick of life before he is thirty. "There is not a soul in the world in whose remembrance he wishes to live"—

Toute liaison et même toute communication avec les hommes m'est à charge; je voudrais pouvoir rompre avec moi-même, et c'est aussi ce qui arrivera, mais malheureusement pas tout de suite. . . . Je ne me connais plus [he continues]. Depuis quelques mois je tombe dans un état d'affaiblissement incompréhensible. Rien ne me ramène, rien ne m'intéresse, tout me dégoûte. . . . des désirs, je n'en ai plus. J'ai usé la vie; c'est de tous les états le plus pénible, et de toutes les maladies la plus douloureuse comme la plus irrémédiable. (La Chênais, 1810.)

And he continues in the same strain, letter after letter:—

Adieu, et à Dieu seul [he writes to his brother, and with whom he shared all his confidence]. Je te verrais avec plaisir, et toutefois je ne sens aucun désir de te voir, ni toi, ni aucune créature. Dieu seul, Dieu seul!

But this "growing tendency," as he calls it, "to a dreary and gloomy melancholy," which made the future terrible to him, which covered the horizon with dark clouds wherever he looked, and made him believe that there was "no season for him but the season of storms," did not in the least affect the keenness of his judgments, or dull his grim relish of sarcasm and controversy. His melancholy depression did not prevent him, as all accounts agree, from being most genial and fascinating with those he loved; but the one excitement which of all others had power to rouse him was when his wrath or his scorn was moved at the men and things round him; and the times swarmed with exasperating people and events. It was a necessary of life with him to have some one whom he thought a fool to lash, or some onslaught on his writings, the fiercer the better, to give interest to existence. He writes after an interval of quiet:—

J'attends la censure impatiemment, elle me réveillera. Depuis que je n'ai plus Tabaraud pour m'amuser, je ne fais que languir. J'avais besoin d'un peu de mouvement; Dieu garde de mal celui qui veut bien venir à mon secours en cette occasion, et contribuer à mes menus plaisirs. (November 10, 1814.)

With such morbid hopelessness about himself, it is not wonderful that his views of everything round him should be, as they are, unmeasured in their savage and merciless bitterness. "Cet épouvantable enfer qu'on appelle la France" expresses his habitual feeling towards the society about him. Nothing less than a good curse can relieve his hatred against the University:—

Maudites soient la fille et la mère, l'ancienne et la nouvelle Université! Maudits soient les fabricateurs de cette infernale engeance! Maudits soient ceux qui l'ont fait naître, et qui contribueront à l'élever! Maudits les chefs, maudits les subalternes, maudite toute cette infâme canaille. (March 6, 1815.)

He can see no hope or chance of salvation for mankind. "Le genre humain tout entier marche à grands pas vers sa destruction; il est dans le travail de l'agonie, et comme un malheureux blessé à mort, il se débat et se roule dans son propre sang;" and his religious faith only gave him the terrible pleasure of being able to look on without sympathy:—

Ce n'est pas sans une sorte de joie que je sens trembler sous mes pieds ce monde corrompu et corrompeur. En le voyant chanceler comme un homme ivre, je me dis, il tombera bientôt, et je hais de tous mes vœux l'instant de sa chute, qui sera celui de la consommation de l'Eglise et le triomphe de son chef. (August 1, 1815.)

And what Lamennais was at the beginning, he was to the end. Christian or unbeliever, he could see nothing about him but what was dark and evil; the only change was as to those on whom, with equal positiveness, he successively threw the responsibility of the evil.

The other point on which these letters give new light is Lamennais's ordination. Even after he had conceived the idea, in conjunction with his brother, of changing profoundly the opinions of the French clergy, he had by no means made up his own mind to become a priest. He received the minor orders in 1809, but he shows no sign of going further in the ecclesiastical course. Indeed he seems to have given it up, for later on he writes, "ce n'est sûrement pas mon goût que j'ai écouté en me décidant à reprendre l'état ecclésiastique"; and in fact we find him in 1814 at Paris, undecided, and balancing between various plans. He had projected a great ecclesiastical history which was to take the labour of his life, and a work on "the spirit of Christianity"; he was very busy and eager about projects for a newspaper; he had not given up all thoughts of a mercantile life; and he was inclined to go into a monastery. In the midst of these schemes Bonaparte returned from Elba; and Lamennais, who, with his brother, had published a book against the Emperor's Church policy, thought himself safest in England. There he met a French émigré priest, the Abbé Carron, whom he describes as a saint on earth, and by whose influence and counsels he was led to devote himself to the priesthood. He writes about his resolution, and the motives which

decided him, in a tone which shows that he had been worked up to a most intense pitch of exalted self-sacrifice. He had placed himself absolutely in M. Carron's hands to settle what was to become of him; and the first idea on both sides seems to have been that he should "serve the Church in the regular clergy, that is, in the Company of Jesus." After the first excitement, his misgivings and reluctance returned:—

En me décidant, ou plutôt en me laissant décider pour le parti qu'on m'a conseillé de prendre, je ne suis assurément ni ma volonté, ni mon inclination. Je crois au contraire que rien au monde n'y saurait être plus opposé. Demande à Dieu pour moi la grâce de supporter la vie. Elle me devient tous les jours plus à charge. (October 19, 1815.)

And he thought, with inexpressible "sinking of heart," of his books, and the fields at La Chênais, from which he believed he was parting for ever. But he had put himself into M. Carron's hands; he came back to France, when his brother Jean seconded the impulse given by M. Carron, and in 1816 he was ordained. "Cette démarche," he writes, after receiving the subdiaconate, "m'a prodigieusement coûté." But he went forward. One friend writes, to console him, that he was going as a victim to the sacrifice, and that it had pleased God to allow him to taste neither the happiness nor the glory of his new office. "Il lui a singulièrement coûté," writes his brother, "pour prendre sa dernière résolution. M. Carron d'un côté, moi de l'autre, nous l'avons entraîné, mais sa pauvre âme est encore ébranlée de ce coup." To those who felt misgivings about the painful struggle, M. Carron wrote, "Reposez-vous sur mon cœur, et bien spécialement sur ma conscience, du sort de ce bien-aimé Féli; il ne m'échappera point. L'Eglise aura ce qui lui appartient." A month after his ordination we have the following cry of bitterness and despair addressed to his brother—the Atys of Catullus in too literal prose:—

Miser, ah miser, querendum est etiam atque etiam, anime.  
Ego Manas, ego mei pars.  
Ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiæ columinibus.  
Jam jam dolet, quod egi, jam jamque poenitet.

Quoique M. Carron m'ait plusieurs fois recommandé de me taire sur mes sentiments, je crois pouvoir et devoir m'expliquer avec toi, une fois pour toutes. Je suis et ne puis qu'être désormais extraordinairement malheureux. Qu'on raisonne là-dessus tant qu'on voudra, qu'on s'alarme de l'esprit pour me prouver qu'il n'en est rien, on qu'il ne tient qu'à moi qu'il en soit autrement, il n'est pas fort difficile à croire qu'on ne réussira pas sans peine à me persuader un fait personnel contre l'évidence de ce que je sens. Toutes les consolations que je puis recevoir, se bornent donc au conseil banal de faire de nécessité vertu. . . . Quant aux avis qu'on y pourrait ajouter, l'expérience que j'en ai a tellement rétréci ma confiance, qu'à moins d'être contraint d'en demander, je suis bien résolu à ne jamais procurer à personne l'embarras de m'en donner; et j'en dis autant des exhortations. . . . Je n'aspire qu'à l'oubli, dans tous les sens, et plutôt à Dieu que je puisse oublier moi-même. La seule manière de me servir véritablement est de ne s'occuper de moi en aucune façon. Je ne tracasse personne; qu'on me laisse en repos de mon côté; ce n'est pas trop exiger, je pense. Il suit de tout cela, qu'il n'y a point de correspondance qui ne me soit à charge. Ecrire m'ennuie mortellement, et de tout ce qu'on me peut marquer, rien ne m'intéresse. Le mieux est donc, de part et d'autre, de s'en tenir au strict nécessaire en fait de lettres. J'ai trente-quatre ans écoulés; j'ai vu la vie sous tous ses aspects, et ne saurais dorénavant être la dupe des illusions dont on essaierait de me bercer encore. Je n'entends faire de reproches à qui que ce soit; il y a des destins inévitables; mais si j'avais été moins confiant ou moins faible, ma position serait bien différente. Enfin elle est ce qu'elle est, et tout ce qui me reste à faire est de m'arranger de mon mieux, et, s'il se peut, de m'endormir au pied du poteau où on a rivé ma chaîne; heureux si je puis obtenir qu'on ne vienne point, sous mille prétextes fatigants, troubler mon sommeil. (June 25, 1816.)

His brother remonstrates, as may be supposed; Lamennais answers that perhaps his words are too strong, but he adheres to the substance, and begs that the subject may never be mentioned—"tout ce qui me le rappelle, de près ou de loin, me cause une émotion que je ne suis pas le maître de la modérer." He takes to writing, and plunges into controversy, but his interest fails him:—

On me presse pour la quatrième fois d'écrire sur le concordat. Peut-être m'y déciderai-je, quoiqu'avec répugnance. . . . Je sens d'avance que, enchaîné pour le choix des questions à traiter et pour la manière de les traiter, j'écrirai avec dégoût, mal par conséquent, et il est triste de s'ennuyer pour ennuyer les autres. C'est pourtant l'occupation des trois-quarts des hommes. Je regarde que tous mes malheurs, de conséquence en conséquence, viennent de ce que mes parents, bien contre mon gré, m'ont forcé d'apprendre à écrire, et il n'y a pas de jour où je ne redise, avec un sentiment profond, ce mot d'un ancien, *Utinam nescirem literas*. (January 4, 1817.)

By-and-by we find him deep in a new work, which his friend Tesseyre has made him undertake. "Never did I write anything with less taste for it." "I should have left the thing alone thirty times over, if Tesseyre had not pressed me to go on." And this is the famous *Essai sur l'Indifférence*. He does not want encouragement and praise; he is alive to the magnitude of his own design to find a philosophical and demonstrative basis for Infallibility; "s'il était bon," he writes of it, "il tiendrait lieu de toute une bibliothèque." But this is not enough to console him for the irrevocable step:—

Je n'avance guère (he writes), mon ouvrage, il m'ennuie. Ecrire m'est un supplice. Je déteste Paris, je déteste tout. Cette vie est pour moi un enfer. J'ai manqué l'occasion de vivre selon mon caractère et mon goût; c'est sans retour. (May 13, 1817.)

Some months later:—

Je ne saurais prendre sur moi de travailler à mon deuxième volume. Tout m'est à charge. La vie est trop pesante pour moi. J'ai beau me dire à cet égard ce qu'on souhaite, ce qui peut-être est raisonnable au fond, ce sentiment l'emporte, il m'écrase. Quelle pensée que celle d'avoir réduit un être humain en cet état. (December 27, 1817.)

Yet he wrote on. Lamennais was keenly sensible to one pleasure,



that of forcing men by logic to admit what they did not like. He triumphs thus in anticipation over a friend :—

Il m'a pris fantaisie de me plaindre un peu de M. de Bonald de l'universalité des louanges qu'il prodigue à la vie de Bossuet. Je ne saurais digérer 1682; c'est là que portent mes observations. Il ne répondra pas, mais il entendra. Ses principes le forcent à dire *amen* intérieurement, et pour peu qu'il veuille regarder devant lui, il verra ce redoutable spectre d'infalibilité, tout vivant, tout puissant, étendant ses inévitables bras pour l'embrasser. (February 25, 1815.)

The pain which his book costs him is poorly repaid by the praise it receives or the good it is to do. "Books do not change men." True, there is one all-rewarding compensation to which he looks forward with a kind of cruel and savage joy, as if he clenched his teeth as he was writing :—

Je sens toutefois la nécessité de finir le second volume; mais le courage me manque à chaque instant. Plus je vais pourtant, plus je me tiens sûr de contraindre ces gens si fiers de leur incréduité à dire leur *credo* jusqu'à la dernière syllabe, ou à avouer par leur silence, car je leur défendrai d'ouvrir la bouche, qu'il ne peuvent pas dire, *je suis*. (January 9, 1815.)

Time had a strange fate in store for this haughty and defiant arguer, which has thrown a terrible irony into the impassioned fervour and merciless logic which was to crush all resistance; and this irony is heightened now that his letters disclose the state of mind in which he thus wrote with a conqueror's scorn. The world of thought, as well as the world of action, has its impressive lessons for those who in their intemperate self-confidence forget the measure of man's condition. Such was this history.

ὕβρις φουτὶ τῶν ἄνθρωπων  
ὕβρις, εἰ πολλὰς ὑπερλήθησθ' μάταιον,  
ἀ μὴ τίκαται μηδὲ συμφέρωντα,  
ἀκρότατον εἰσάναβ'—  
ἀπτόμενον ὥρουνεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν.

#### COX'S MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY.\*

(Second Notice.)

THAT the researches of comparative mythologists, so well summed up in Mr. Cox's *Manual of Mythology*, are in the main tending in the right direction, is, we believe, admitted by all whose opinion on such matters carries much weight. It has been fully proved that mythology is simply a phase, and an inevitable phase, in the growth of language; language being taken in its proper sense, not as the outward symbol, but as the only possible embodiment of thought. Everything, while language passes through that peculiar phase, may become mythology. Not only the ideas of men as to the origin of the world, the government of the universe, the phenomena of nature, and the yearnings and misgivings of the heart, are apt to lose their natural and straightforward expression, and to be repeated in a more or less distorted form, but even historical events, the exploits of a powerful man, the destruction of wild animals, the conquest of a new country, the death of a beloved leader, may be spoken of and handed down to later ages in a form decidedly mythological. After the laws that regulate the growth and decay of words have once been clearly established, instead of being any longer surprised at the breaking out of mythological phraseology, we almost wonder how any language could have escaped what may really be called an infantine disease, through which even the healthiest constitution ought to pass sooner or later. The origin of mythological phraseology, whatever outward aspects it may assume, is always the same; it is language forgetting herself. Nor is there anything strange in that self-forgetfulness, if we bear in mind how large a number of names ancient languages possessed for one and the same thing, and how frequently the same word was applied to totally different subjects. If we take the sun, or the dawn, or the moon, or the stars, we find that even in Greek every one of them is still polyonymous—i.e. has different names, and is known under various *aliases*. Still more is this the case in Sanskrit, though Sanskrit too is a language which, to judge from its innumerable rings, must have passed through many summers and winters before it grew into that mighty stem which fills us with awe and admiration, even in the earliest relics of its literature. Now, after a time, one out of many names of the same subject necessarily gains a preponderance; it becomes the current and recognised name, while the other names are employed less and less frequently, and at last become obsolete and unintelligible. Yet it frequently happens that, either in proverbs, or in idiomatic phrases, or in popular poetry, some of these obsolete names are kept up, and in that case mythological decay at once sets in. It requires a certain effort to see this quite clearly, because in our modern languages, where everything has its proper name, and where each name is properly defined, a mythological misunderstanding is almost impossible. But suppose that the exact meaning of the word "gloaming" had been forgotten, and that a proverbial expression such as "The gloaming sings the sun to sleep" had been preserved, would not the gloaming very soon require an explanation? and would nurses long hesitate to tell their children that the gloaming was a good old woman who came every night to put the sun into his bed, and who would be very angry if she found any little children still awake? The children would soon talk among themselves about Nurse Gloaming, and as they grew up would tell their children again of the same wonderful old nurse. It was in this and in similar ways that

in the childhood of the world many a story grew up which, when once repeated and sanctioned by a popular poet, became part and parcel of what we are accustomed to call the mythology of ancient nations.

The mistake most commonly committed is to suppose that mythology has necessarily a religious character, and that it forms a whole or a system, taught in ancient times and believed in as we believe in our Articles, or even as the Roman Catholics believe in the legends of their saints. Religion, no doubt, suffered most from mythological phraseology, but it did not suffer alone. The stories of the Argonauts, or of the Trojan war, or of the Calydonian boar-hunt had very little to do with religion, except that some of the heroes engaged in them were called either the sons or the favourites of some of the so-called gods of Greece. No doubt we call them all gods—Vulcan and Venus, as well as Jupiter and Minerva; but even the more thoughtful among the Greeks would hardly allow the name of gods to all the inhabitants of Olympus, at least not in that pregnant sense in which Zeus and Apollo and Athene may fairly claim it. If children asked who was the good Nurse Gloaming that sang the sun to sleep, the answer would be easy enough, that she was the daughter of the sky or of the sea, in Greek the daughter of Zeus or of Nereus; but this relationship, though it might give rise to further genealogical complications, would by no means raise the nurse to the rank of a deity. We speak of days and years as perfectly intelligible objects, and we do not hesitate to say that a man has wasted a day or a year, or that he has killed the time. To the ancient world days and nights were still more of a problem; they were strangers that came and went, brothers, or brother and sister, who brought light and darkness, joy and sorrow—who might be called the parents of all living things, or themselves the children of heaven and earth. One poetical image, if poetical it can be called, which occurs very frequently in the ancient language of India, is to represent the days as the herd of the sun, so that the coming and going of each day might be likened to the stepping forth of a cow, leaving its stable in the morning, crossing the heavenly meadows by its appointed path, and returning to its stable in the evening. The number of this solar herd would vary according to the number of days ascribed to each year. In Greek that simple metaphor was no longer present to the mind of Homer; but if we find in Homer that Helios had seven herds of oxen, fifty in each herd, and that their number never grows and never decreases, surely we can easily discover in these 350 oxen the 350 days of the primitive year. And if then we read again, that the foolish companions of Ulysses did not return to their homes because they had killed the oxen of Helios, may we not here too recognise an old proverbial or mythological expression, too literally interpreted even by Homer, and therefore turned into mythology? If the original phrase ran, that while Ulysses, by never-ceasing toil, succeeded in reaching his home, his companions wasted their time, or killed the days, i.e. the cattle of Helios, and were therefore punished, nothing would be more natural than that after a time their punishment should have been ascribed to their actually devouring the oxen in the island of Thrinakia; just as St. Patrick, because he converted the Irish and drove out the venomous brood of heresy and heathenism, was soon believed to have destroyed every serpent in that island, or as St. Christopher was represented as actually having carried on his shoulders the infant Christ.

All mythology of this character must yield to that treatment to which Mr. Cox has subjected the whole Greek and Roman Pantheon. But there is one point that seems to us to deserve more consideration than it has hitherto received at the hands of comparative mythologists. We see that, for instance, in the very case of St. Patrick, mythological phraseology infected the perfectly historical character of an Irish missionary. The same may have taken place—in fact, we need not hesitate to say the same has constantly taken place—in the ancient stories of Greece and Rome, as well as in the legends of the middle ages. Those who analyse ancient myths ought, therefore, to be prepared for this historical or irrational element, and ought not to suppose that everything which has a mythical appearance is thoroughly mythical or purely ideal. Mr. Cox has well delineated the general character of the most popular heroes of ancient mythology.

In a very large number of legends [he says], the parents, warned that their own offspring will destroy them, expose their children, who are saved by some wild beast and brought up by some herdman. The children so recovered always grow up beautiful, brave, strong, and generous; but, either unconsciously or against their will, they fulfil the warnings given before their birth, and become the destroyers of their parents. Perseus, Œdipus, Cyrus, Romulus, Paris, are all exposed as infants, are all saved from death, and discovered by the splendour of their countenances and the dignity of their bearing. Either consciously or unconsciously Perseus kills Actæon, Œdipus kills Laius, Cyrus kills Astyages, Romulus kills Amulius, and Paris brings about the ruin of Priam and the city of Troy.

Mr. Cox shows that all these names are solar names, and that the mythical history of every one of these heroes is but a disguise of language. Originally there must have existed in ancient languages a large number of names for the sun, and the sky, and the dawn, and the earth. The vernal sun returning with fresh vigour after the death-like repose of winter had a different name from the sun of summer and autumn; and the setting sun with its fading brilliancy was addressed differently from the "bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber," or "the giant rejoicing to run his course." Certain names, expressions, and phrases sprang up, originally intended to describe the changes of the day and the seasons of the year; after a time these phrases became traditional,

\* *A Manual of Mythology*. By the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

idiomatic, proverbial; they ceased to be literally understood, and were misunderstood and misinterpreted into mythical phraseology. At first the phrase "Perseus will kill Acrisius" meant no more than that light will conquer darkness, that the sun will annihilate the night, that the morn is coming. If each day was called the child of the night, it might be truly said that the young child was destined to kill its parents, that Oedipus must kill Laios. And if the violet twilight, Iokaste, was called the wife of the nocturnal Laios, the same name of Iokaste, as the violet dawn, might be given to the wife of Oedipus. Hence that strangely entangled skein of mythological sayings which poets and philosophers sought to disentangle as well as they could, and which at last was woven into that extraordinary veil of horrors which covers the real sanctuary of Greek religion.

But if this be so—and, strange as it may sound at first, the evidence brought in support of this interpretation of mythology is irresistible—it would seem to follow that Perseus, and Oedipus, and Paris, and Romulus could none of them claim any historical reality. Most historians might be prepared to give up Perseus, Oedipus, and Paris, perhaps even Romulus and Remus; but what about Cyrus? Cyrus, like the other solar heroes, is known to be a fatal child; he is exposed, he is saved, and suckled, and recognised, and restored to his royal dignity, and by slaying Astyages he fulfils the solar prophecy as completely as any one of his compeers. Yet, for all that, Cyrus was a real man, an historical character, whose flesh and bone no sublimating process will destroy. Here then we see that mythology does not always create its own heroes, but that it lays hold of real history, and coils itself round it so closely that it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to separate the ivy from the oak, or the lichen from the granite to which it clings. And here is a lesson which comparative mythologists ought not to neglect. They are naturally bent on explaining everything that can be explained; but they should bear in mind that there may be elements in every mythological riddle which resist etymological analysis, for the simple reason that their origin was not etymological, but historical. The name of Cyrus or Kores has been supposed to have some affinity with the Persian name of the sun, *khar* or *kor*; and, though this is wrong, it can hardly be doubted that the name of Astyages, the Median King, the enemy of Cyrus, doomed to destruction by a solar prophecy, is but a corruption of the Zend name *Aji dahāka*, the destructive serpent, the offspring of Ahriman, who was chained by Thraëtona, and is to be killed at the end of days by Keresāspa. Mr. Cox refers several times to this *Aji dahāka* and his conqueror Thraëtona, and he mentions the brilliant discovery of Eugène Burnouf, who recognised in the struggle between Thraëtona and *Aji dahāka* the more famous struggle celebrated by Firdusi in the Shahnameh between Feridun and Zohak. If, then, the Vedic *Ahi*, the serpent of darkness destroyed by Trita, Indra, and other solar heroes, is but a mythological name, and if the same applies to *Aji dahāka*, conquered by Thraëtona, and to the Echidna slain by Phœbus, and to Fafnir slain by Sigurd, what shall we say of Astyages killed by Cyrus? We refer those who take an interest in these questions to a posthumous work of one of the most learned dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, the *Zoroastische Studien* of F. Windischmann. The historical character of Cyrus can hardly be doubted by any one, but the question whether Astyages was assigned to him as his grandfather merely by the agency of popular songs, or whether Astyages too was a real king, involves very important issues, and should not be passed over by those who maintain the purely historical character of the Book of Daniel. We can here only point to the problem as a warning to comparative mythologists, and remind them, in parting, that as many of the old German legends were transferred to the Apostles, as some of the ancient heathen prophecies were applied to the Emperor Barbarossa, as tricks performed by solar archers were told again of William Tell, and Robin Hood, and Friar Tuck—nay, as certain ancient legends are now told in Germany of Frederick the Great—it does not always follow that heroes of old who performed what may be called solar feats are therefore nothing but myths. We ought to be prepared, even in the legends of Hercules or Meleagros or Theseus, to find some grains of local history on which the sharpest tools of comparative mythology must bend or break.

#### NIGHTS IN THE HAREM.\*

IT will be a great comfort to all virtuous persons to be assured as early as possible that, if they rush to this book in the expectation of finding contents to match its suggestive and racy title, they will be exceedingly disappointed, and no doubt exceedingly gratified in consequence. This discovery, we are quite sure, will be an immense relief to every well-regulated mind. In her former work on harem life in Egypt and Constantinople, the authoress spoke of her various little wants and exigencies with a manly frankness that really left nothing to desire, but perhaps left something to fear. The title of the new work was calculated to rouse fresh apprehensions in the prudish, and fresh anticipations in the prurient. Happily neither one nor the other are warranted by the work itself. The book has nothing whatever to do with Oriental mysteries, intrigues, delights, or amours. In fact, the hero is a very aged

eunuch, who simply makes every evening a parcel of longwinded remarks about the things that one may see in the East. The style of the aged eunuch is so very like that of Miss Emmeline Lott's last book, that we presume he is only an English governess in disguise. However, this bit of prosopopœia is very elegant and Eastern, we may admit. The Grand Pacha, a little boy and the charge of the authoress, summons this Mohaddetyn or amateur improvisatore to his apartments every evening—that is, every chapter; and then the eunuch, with the assistance of one or two English books, tells him a few things about Cairo, Constantinople, Alexandria, and other places. The process is very much as if we could imagine the Prince of Wales's little boy being entertained and instructed about England every night by a Frenchman who had been a few weeks in Leicester Square, and eked out his own knowledge by occasional snips from M. Assolant's letters. The Grand Pacha Ibrahim, however, appears to be rather an awkward person to whom to have to tell stories. The imaginary eunuch on one occasion had a belt which caught the child's fancy, but which the owner would not surrender. "Well, there sat His Highness, puffing out his chubby cheeks like a toad swelling with excitement. He was evidently working himself into a terrific passion. His eyeballs were inflamed, and his glance was as fiery as that of an infuriated tiger-cub." The governess apprehended that he would instantly order the wretched man's head to be cut off. Fortunately she had a never-failing spell. All she had to do was to shake her finger at him and say, "*Fena, fena!*" ("Naughty, naughty!") This is very simple, certainly; still we cannot find fault with the simplicity of the process, provided it was effective in a case which promised to end in so violent a catastrophe. Occasionally the governess interrupts the narrative of the man whose head she thus valiantly rescued by little experiences of her own, which are in their way as thrilling and awful as the impressive cry of "*Fena, fena!*" She once, for example, had the misfortune to be seized with neuralgia, and fell into such a state of inertness as to have no desire to move—"no wish to go into the 'outer world.'" Worse still, "all remembrance of my home, my dearest friends, my most intimate associations, seemed gradually but surely fading away from my mind." Finally, "the feeling I then experienced was that of Bottom." "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me," was my constant thought." This is surely tragic enough to move the sternest heart. No amount of italics do justice to the horrors of a situation thus thrillingly summed up. Crude-minded people may wonder what, in the quotation we have given, the outer world has done to be put in this impressive type; just as they may wonder why, in a melodrama, blue lights and subdued fiddling should always go along with misery. In ladies' books italics stand for blue lights. They harrow the reader's mind. If the words were printed merely as the sense would seem to dictate, we should think nothing of them. If the lady had only said she had no wish to go into the outer world, we should have been atrociously indifferent. But when she says she had no wish "to go into the 'outer world,'" we are penetrated with the pathos of the position. As there is only a step from joy to sorrow, peace is expressed by the same devices of type as disturbance. Thus the prince one night "enjoys 'the heavy honey dew of slumber.'" Another night he "slept the happy sleep of childhood." Sometimes, again, he retires to his chamber "to court nature's soft nurse." Pretty often we are rather puzzled to know why the authoress is so terribly impressive. What secret horror or delight is veiled under the emphatic statement that the princess "stowed away with her own hands her costly jewels"? or in the description of "beautiful long *flawless* amber mouthpieces, of pale lemon colour"? Might not "beautiful," or "long," or "amber," or any other word in the phrase, assert equally *undeniable* pretensions to be set up in impressive type? Surely in such English as Miss Emmeline Lott's, one word is as good as another, and worse too.

Now and then the Mohaddetyn talks rather too much like a country newspaper. He went, for example, to "Soog-é-Semmak, a public fish-market, which you English designate by the incomprehensible term of 'Billingsgate.'" Here he was almost overpowered by the "smell of piscatorial saline effluvia," arising from the "inhabitants of the briny deep." This kind of talk, Miss Lott might have told him, is designated by us English by the incomprehensible term of penny-a-lining. After "piscatorial saline effluvia," and the like, it is a decided relief to come across such a hilarious bit as this: "*Aferino! Aferino! Chok-chay! Divoletin isiat! Allah-il-allah! Mahomet resoul Allah! Allah mouleyeminin tileyé agam! Bakalum! Bakalum!*" exclaimed the kind-hearted *kebadji*." The general reader, we fancy, who is expected to find this intelligible, will barely appreciate the *kebadji*'s kindness of heart. Still we much prefer the unadulterated style of the *kebadji* alike to the pure English of the authoress and to the piebald lingo of the Mohaddetyn. Any possible quantity of "Bakalum, bakalum" is more endurable than halt and maimed sentences about "the stalls of the itinerant vendors of *kebabs* (morsels of roasted meat on iron skewers), of the *djiguerdis* (sellers of sheep's liver), of the pancake and pastry merchants, of the hawkers of *dohnas*, beccapios, and snails, or of the *hahvajs* (dispensers of *hahva*, a paste made of almonds, honey, and perfumed essences); and *cheberdjis* (sweetmeat and sugar sellers)," and so forth. Now it is obviously most desirable that anybody in Cairo who wants to buy a morsel of meat on an iron skewer should know that it is called a *kebab*; and if one had business with a seller of sheep's liver, the convenience of knowing that we ought to inquire after a *djiguerdi* is quite plain. But are many of Mr. Mudie's subscribers likely to want a morsel

\* *Nights in the Harem; or, the Mohaddetyn in the Palace of Ghezire.* By Emmeline Lott. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.



of meat on an iron skewer in Cairo? We should scarcely have thought so. Such a position would seem to require a singular conjuncture of conditions, which can only happen so rarely as hardly to be worth considering. Miss Emmeline Lott may retort that this is mere *vile* utilitarianism. May one not care to know anything but what is likely to be *useful*? Is there no longer a *disinterested* love of truth and knowledge for their own precious sakes? And here the authoress certainly has us. There may be, we cannot deny, some passionate soul, thirsting for knowledge, to whom that day will not seem as lost in which he has learnt that in Cairo a man whose traffic is in sheep's liver is known as a *djiguerdi*. Only, in this case, why is such a one left in dark and painful uncertainty as to the local name of the pancake merchant who figures in the same sentence? Miss Lott, by these inconsiderate omissions, only plays with the feelings of the ardent seeker after knowledge. Still, from this point of view, she is decently liberal. The Persians, she tells us for example, "are looked on by true believers as *rafaz* (heretics), and called *chutes*, because they do not believe as the other Osmanli, who are designated *sumas* in the oracular predictions of the prophet." The force of "because" here is rather hard to a plain man. Why should the wretch be called a *chute*, because he is not called a *suma*? Apart from this, let us cling to the fact that he is called a *chute*. This is enough for our eager lover of general knowledge. It is not everybody who knows this. Again, in another place, we hear of garments infected with "the germs of *judari* (small-pox), *táun* (plague), or *rik-el-asfar* (cholera)." Not many men would have dreamt that reading *Nights in the Harem* involved the acquisition of a clumsily devised vocabulary. Sometimes the speaker becomes perfectly phrenetic in his love of mongrel speech. Thus he happened "to bestow *baksheesh* on the good old man, who received it with gratitude, exclaiming '*Shóokr! ulhum döölillah*' (I thank you! I thank God!)" "Then he said in Hindoostanee '*Kis-ne yih bat tööm sekakee?*' (Who told you this?) The Governor's own *khiatib* (secretary). *Ulm döölillah*," &c. &c. Can any reading in the world be so unutterably tedious as this composite stuff?

If one would not suppose that *Nights in the Harem* meant incoherent scraps and thrums of vocabularies, still less should we expect to find this dismal array of *bakulum* and *ulumdöölillah* eked out by such matters as Alexander Dumas's account of his first Turkish bath, quoted bodily and in block, or by a piece out of Baynes or Lane. But Miss Lott's book-making leads her into worse faults than mere excessive quotation. Under the thinly disguised names of the Duke of Oporto and Sir Robert Cotton, she describes the attempt of two English gentlemen to get sight of the wonders and mysteries of the Harem. In order to make assurance doubly sure, we are told that their yacht was "the *Iron Duke*." Literally, more than forty pages are devoted to a longwinded account of this supposed adventure, winding up with the mutual congratulations of the two daring Giaours that they had "escaped a fearful death, or a disaster almost more fearful still." Book-making must have got to a shameless pitch indeed when a lady will consent to fill forty pages with a fancy version of a worn-out trumpery piece of London gossip, and that not of an over-seemly kind either. As a rule, the authoress is only dull, tedious, and unreadable; but this is intolerably offensive. Silliness is no crime, and vulgarity is no crime. But the intrusion of stories, that can only be called brutal, about well-known living persons is as disgusting an offence as anything literary can be.

#### QUINTE ESSENCE.\*

WE wonder whether any of our readers remember our once noticing a book called *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid*, in which an ingenious astronomer proved beyond dispute that our national welfare, the religion, morality, and temporal prosperity of both portions of the Isle of Britain, were indissolubly connected with the duty of cleaving, in defiance of all metric charmers, to the British Inch. When one comes across vagaries of this sort, it is a comfort to be able to see that men were just as wild in other centuries as they are in our own. It is always with a distinct feeling of relief that we read the tale how King Richard, on his way to Jerusalem, fell in with a hermit profoundly versed in the Apocalypse, and how the holy man gave the King his views on the beast and the little horn, talking exactly as great nonsense as Dr. Cumming talks now, neither more nor less. This sort of thing is comforting, as showing that, if the world does not get wiser, as we hope it does, at any rate it does not get more foolish. So, when the Scottish astronomer amazes us with the mystic virtues of the British Inch, it is something to be able to match him with a philosopher four hundred years back who entertained ideas even more exalted of the virtues of Spirits of Wine. The British Inch was a precious, nay a holy possession, but we do not remember that the Astronomer Royal for Scotland went quite so far as to call it Man's Heaven. Both, however, came of divine revelation, and both had a common birthplace in the natural country of marvels and mysteries, the Land of Ham. We learn from the tide-page

from how venerable a source the doctrine of the Quinte Essence comes. Our book is

A tretice in english breuely drawe out of þe booke of quintis essencijs in latyn, þat hermys þe prophete and kyng of Egypt, after þe flood of Noe, fadir of philosophis, hadde by reuelacioun of an aungil of god to him sende.

In short, in Mr. Furnivall's language, "the tract appears to be a great fuss about Spirits of Wine; how to make it, and get more or less tipsy on it, and what wonders it will work, from making old men young and dying men well, to killing lice." Further than this Mr. Furnivall does not favour us with much preface. "The odd account of the origin of this treatise—in its first lines—caught my eye as I was turning over the leaves of the Sloane manuscript which contains it." Presently he goes on:—"The loss of our sweet, bright, only child, and other distress, have prevented my getting up any cram on the subject of Quintessence to form a regular preface." Mr. Furnivall writes so oddly that we really do not know whether we are here dealing with facts or metaphors. It is hardly conceivable that a man really suffering under domestic sorrow would speak thus lightly of his own grief, and yet, if any literary loss is intended, the metaphor is somewhat violent. But we are more concerned with what follows. "The (translated?) original of the text is attributed to Hermes—Trismegistus, 'or the thrice great Interpreter,' so called as 'having three parts of the philosophy of the whole world'—to whom were credited more works than he wrote." These words really seem to mean that Mr. Furnivall believes in a real man Hermes, who wrote some works, though not all that were attributed to him, and that he further believes that "Trismegistus" can mean that he "had three parts of the philosophy of the whole world." If this be so, Mr. Furnivall must be in a very odd frame of mind. But, to judge from his common way of writing prefaces, most likely he believes nothing of the kind, and is simply making a joke of his subject and his readers. But then we hold, in opposition to Mr. Furnivall, that the preface to a philological work is not a proper place for the editor either to crack his jokes or to talk about his private affairs.

At the same time we would not be thought to be such martinets as to refuse either editor or reader the liberty of laughing over the wonderful production before us. Quintessence, thus revealed to Hermes, was a precious revelation indeed. It is God's greatest gift for man's need, his "firste and souereyneste priuyte." It restores to youth old and sick men, "olde euangelik men, and feble in kynde," with the reservation of two or three cases where even Quintessence cannot avail. It will not restore a man struck by lightning, or beaten to death, or one who has fallen down a precipice, or one who has starved himself. The philosopher excepts "þe strok of þe pundir blast, and violent brusuris, and oppresynge of to myche betynge; also perilous fallyngeis of hig (high) placis, to myche abstynence, and opere yuel gouernaunce agens kynde." Still more prudently does he reserve "þe terme þat is sett of God, þat noman may a-schape." In these cases Quintessence fails, and no doubt every case in which Quintessence did fail might be safely referred at all events to the last class. Still Quintessence, Man's Heaven, preserves his body as God's Heaven preserves the world; it is the purest substance of corruptible things; it is incorruptible in reward [regard] of the four qualities of man's body; "it is not hoot and drie wip fier, ne coold and moist wip watir, ne hoot and moist wip eyr, ne coold and drie wip erpe." "It hath .iij. names by the philosophis, þat is to seie, brennyng watir, þe soule in þe spirit of wyn, and watir of liyf." Here we seem to have a choice of two substances, and a plain man might be excused for thinking that Hermes Trismegistus was talking of brandy; but Mr. Gill of University College, London, who was consulted by Mr. Furnivall for the chemistry of the tract, assures us that alcohol is what is meant. Happily for mankind, there are several ways of making this most precious substance. We are to take wine, which may be "corrupt, þat is rotyng, of a watery humour, but not egre, þat is sour;" it must be distilled seven times and then again 1000 times till "it is sublymed to so myche hignes of glorificacioun," till in short "it schal be a medicyn incorruptible almoost as heuene above, and of þe nature of heuene." The thousand distillings may, it seems, be dispensed with, if the burning water be put in "a glas clepid amphora, with a long necke," and hid either in horsedung, or "in þe wombe [belly] of an hors." As we cannot suspect Hermes Trismegistus of enjoining vivisection, we suppose that the horse was to be killed for the purpose, like Virgil's bullock, or rather like the two serfs whom the French *seigneur* might slay on his return from hunting to warm his feet in their insides.

But here is a better way, how "pore euangelik men may haue wipoute cost, and almoost for nougt, þe gracious influence of gold, and þe maner of þe fixynge of it in oure heuene, þat is, oure quinta essencia." The euangelic poor man is counselled, "ze schal preie a riche man þat is goure freend to leene [lend, or in American phrase, loan] zou a good floreyne of florence." This florin—the choice of which above all other money witnesses to the purity of the coinage of the great Etruscan merchant-city—is to have all kinds of odd things done to it, till the poor man has got out of it a wonderful water, "oure heuene, and þe sunne in him fixid," by which "ze may be hool, and wexe glad, and be zong." The florin, after all this, strange to say, remains "als good and almoost of þe same weigte as it was afore." We may remark that the recipe contains no instruction to the euangelic poor man to pay back the borrowed florin to his rich friend. Is it possible that Hermes

\* The Book of Quinte Essence or The Fifth Being; that is to say, Man's Heaven. Edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A. London: published for the Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co. 1866.

Trismegistus, King of Egypt, is here exhorting to the practice of that same sort of deception in borrowing and not repaying, which was afterwards turned with such success against his own nation by the departing Hebrews?

There are many other ways, each more wonderful than the rest, of making Quintessence. But we must now give some specimens of the uses to which it is to be put when it is made. We select only a few out of many. Properly applied, it will bring back the "cold feble euangelik man [seemingly it would do nothing for a Jew or a Saracen] to be firste strenkpe of zongpe." Middle-aged gentlemen will be half pleased and half puzzled at the definition of their first strength. "Wipinne a fewe dayes he schal so hool pat he schal fele him self of be statt and be strenkpe of xl zeer, and he schal haue greet ioie pat he is come to be statt of zongpe." Still, with all this, more earthly remedies are not to be neglected; "it is nedeful pat he vse ofte good wyyn at his mete and at be soper." Quintessence also cures lepers and palsied men; but it does yet more. It drives away devils—possibly blue-devils—from "po men pat habounde in blak coler, pat is, malencoly"; such men, we are told, "ben occupied a pousand part wip mo pougtis pan ben men of ony oper complexioun." They are born under Saturn the wicked planet, and therefore "to siche men deuelis wole gladly appere and minister to hem her privy temptaciouns wipinne be cours of her pougtis"; at last they "ofte tymes falle in dispeir, and at be laste ale hem self." But Quintessence drives away all such thoughts and all such devils. The recipe is given on the use of which the devil will at once flee away. But whither? The devil in the book of Tobit fled into the uttermost parts of Egypt. Pandemonium must, in the days of Hermes Trismegistus, have been placed somewhere else, or a King of Egypt would not have published a recipe which might lead to the establishment of a very unpleasant colony in his own dominions.

Quintessence also is useful in war, and more especially in a Crusade. A little draught of it, properly accompanied, "as it was by myracle," makes the coward lose all dread and faintness of heart; he takes to him hardiness and despises death. The inference is practical:—

berfore it were a greet wisdom pat cristen princis in batellis agen hepene men hadde wip hem in tonnes brennyng watir pat bei mygt take to euery fytynge man half a rist litil cuppe ful berof to drynke in be bigynnyng of be batel. and his priuete owth to be hid from alle enemyes of be chirche, and also princis and lordis ministringe bese pingis schulde not telle what it is.

The same sort of policy was followed by all discreet Byzantine Emperors with regard to the Greek fire, but, alas, the Infidels got hold of the secret somehow or other. So all good citizens will now pray that the art of making Quintessence may never fall into the hands of Fenians or of any other ill-disposed persons at home or abroad. This is in fact the prayer with which Hermes or his translator winds up, which, for what reason we know not, is left in Latin:—

O quantum malum foret, si hic liber perveniret ad manus hominum mundanorum, ad noticiam tyrannorum, et ad servitium reproborum, quia sicut sancti per hunc librum poterunt continuare opera vite christiani diucius et vehementius, ita et reprobi possent pervenire vi diucius perseverare in malo. ego autem, quantum in me est, propter solos sanctos librum hunc constituo, et ipsum custod[i]e ihesu Christi commendo nunc et in eternum.

It is clear from all this that people in the fifteenth century believed some very odd things; but has an age which has swallowed Table Turning and Spirit Rapping any right to throw stones at them? For our own part, the belief that a devil may be driven away by a proper use of alcohol seems really less absurd than the belief that spirits, good or bad, manifest themselves by the pranks of tables and chairs rebelling against the laws of gravitation. We know as little of the nature of devils as Dr. Maitland did of that of angels, but of the two propositions the former seems to us to be distinctly the less absurd.

#### THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798.\*

THERE is unfortunately an obvious propriety in the present appearance of a new edition of Mr. Maxwell's History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The book is chiefly interesting as containing a certain quantity of original details. The story is indeed a very difficult one to tell, for the rebellion was a succession of violent explosions at a number of places with little connexion or unity of plot, and each explosion has the strongest possible likeness to all the others. Mr. Maxwell has scarcely the literary skill to combine such difficult materials into a very intelligible or interesting whole. Moreover, his writing is tinged with the national peculiarities. He treats us to sporadic bursts of fine writing, and once or twice perpetrates certain characteristic blunders. Thus he quotes a story in order, as he says, "to affirm that in the wildest hours of excitement and excess woman rarely forgot her gentlest attributes, gentleness and pity for the wretched." The particular exhibition of the gentle attribute of gentleness is that, after a certain Protestant had received eighteen stabs of pikes, a woman informed the murderers that they did not know how to kill Orangemen; whereupon a ruffian came forward and fired a bullet through the victim's head—strangely enough without killing him. It is rather odd, too, that he quotes, amongst other more intelligible instances of a "moral reformation" which is said to have preceded the out-

break of the rebellion amongst the peasantry, "a universal disinclination to pay any of their debts or engagements." Omitting, however, these trifling defects, the book is worth reading, as a rather rambling collection of anecdotes, told in an impartial spirit, and throwing much light upon a set of events which it would be wrong, though perhaps pleasant, to forget. It is possible, indeed, to derive a comparative satisfaction from them. There are plenty of difficulties in the present state of Ireland, as there have been for a good many centuries past; but we may safely say that anything like a repetition of the atrocities perpetrated on both sides in 1798 has ceased to be possible. However slow the progress of the country may be, we may congratulate ourselves on a comparison between the Fenians and the United Irishmen. Mr. Maxwell's book enables us to recall certain illustrative facts which have perhaps been more often forgotten by the descendants of the successful side than by the descendants of those who were the chief sufferers.

The outbreak which was finally suppressed at Vinegar Hill lasted for about a month. The insurgents gained several decided successes, which, it is true, were due to rashness and imbecility on the part of the Royal commanders. Two or three small detachments were cut to pieces, owing to an imprudent attack upon huge armed mobs. At Tubberneering, Colonel Walpole managed to get a body of dragoons, artillery, and infantry into a deep lane between high enclosures, which served effectually to conceal a rebel ambush. At Oulart, a detachment of one hundred and twenty militiamen attempted to storm a hill guarded by four or five thousand rebels. They were apparently succeeding, and the rebels dispersing in every direction. The fight, however, was lost by a characteristic inversion of affairs; the rebels were suddenly told that a number of cavalry were approaching to attack them, of whose extraordinary powers they had a most exaggerated idea. They became immediately convinced that running away was useless, and that they must either conquer or perish; whereupon they turned upon the militia, and "charging them with their pikes, killed the whole detachment in an instant, except the lieutenant-colonel, a sergeant, and three privates." This truly Irish conclusion to an engagement could only be brought about by an unusually felicitous combination. The militia, however, were beaten on two or three other occasions, and were compelled by the sheer pressure of overwhelming numbers to abandon Wexford, and most of the surrounding district. If their commanders had shown any ability, Mr. Maxwell mentions that they might have marched successfully on Dublin. In the attack upon Ross they are said to have mustered 25,000 men, and fought with great resolution for ten hours. The force which held the town consisted of 1,400 men, chiefly militia, with a few dragoons and artillerymen. They professed to have killed 2,500 of their assailants—an estimate which we may assume to be liberal—and certainly had a very severe struggle. At Arklow, again, it is said that the rebel force amounted to 31,000. In short, although the rebels were everywhere a totally unprovided and undisciplined mob, they were almost enabled to crush the scattered forces of yeomanry opposed to them by the dead weight of numbers. Meanwhile the ferocity with which both sides behaved made the war almost one of extermination.

Thus, at the beginning of the rising, an attack made upon Carlow was disastrously repulsed, and it was calculated that at least six hundred of the assailants were killed without the loss even of a wounded man to the loyalists. Immediately after this "bloodless victory," as Mr. Maxwell calls it from the victorious point of view, two hundred men were hanged or shot by martial law, including an unlucky baronet at whose house the rebels had assembled, apparently without his consent or assistance. Soon afterwards, a large body of insurgents met together in order to surrender. One of them foolishly fired off his gun in the air before delivering it up. According to another account, some of them actually fired upon the King's troops. At any rate the result was that "ample vengeance was soon obtained, for above three hundred and fifty of the rebels were killed." The spirit exhibited in these events was naturally catching. The rebels went about burning and murdering, and the yeomanry and troops retorted by hanging and shooting. Every success on either side was followed by a massacre. The rebels of course went furthest in this pleasing competition, though it is difficult to say which side was most to be blamed. The most terrible events were the massacre at Scullabogue and the executions at Wexford. Over two hundred prisoners, besides women and children, were massacred at Scullabogue, being either burnt in the barn or cut down and shot outside. At Wexford there was a repetition on a small scale of the worst scenes of the French Revolution. Ninety-seven prisoners are said to have been massacred; the general mode of putting them to death was that "two men pushed their pikes into the breast of the victim and two in his back; and in that state (writhing with torture) they held him suspended till dead, and then threw him over the bridge into the water." As Protestants grew scarce, it is said, they were kept longer in torture, and "scourged with lashes made of brass wire and twisted in whiplcord"; and various other atrocities are recorded which we may hope to be at least exaggerated. Four hundred Protestants are said to have been massacred in Enniscorthy and on Vinegar Hill, and left unburied for several days. When order was restored, these cruelties were of course retaliated. The North Cork regiment had the credit of inventing the "pitch cap" torture. When a "croppy" was found, he was immediately brought to the guardhouse, where caps of coarse linen smeared in-

\* History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. By W. H. Maxwell. Seventh Edition. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.



side with pitch were kept ready for service. One of these was well heated and pressed upon the head of the unlucky crotty, and when it was too cool to be easily pulled off, he was turned out amidst the laughter of his tormentors. This little illustrative anecdote is perhaps a better indication of the prevalent spirit than even the record of hangings, with the obsolete mutilations appropriate to treason, and of the shootings, house-burnings, and dragging of the unlucky peasantry. Heads were fixed upon the gateways of Wexford by a certain Sergeant Dunn, who was also in the habit of stripping off the clothes of each sufferer the moment the body was cut down, in the presence of the next victim, and tying them up ready for sale. Sir Jonah Barrington gives a still more singular account of the performances of a certain "Lieutenant H." who was a tall powerful man, and accustomed to act as an amateur executioner, standing for the gallows himself, and using his own cravat in the place of a rope.

The details of these atrocities are repulsive enough, though they are by no means unparalleled in similar cases where both sides have been frightened or irritated out of humanity. The dangers of the time, when we were engaged in the revolutionary struggle and the landing of a French army might have been anticipated at any moment, are of course the main excuse. But the dangers themselves were increased by the slowness and indecision of the movement of the Royal commanders. At that time, when the means of communication were so defective, it was of course impossible to bring the weight of the central power to bear so rapidly, and any insurrection was of necessity far more dangerous. It had every chance of coming to a head long before an overwhelming body of troops could be marched over bad roads and difficult mountains to encounter it. But the movements seem to have been unnecessarily dilatory, after making every allowance. The French force, of 1,400 men, which landed under Humbert, was permitted to move about the country and to win a battle, till Lord Cornwallis could slowly collect an army of 30,000 men to crush it. The attack upon Vinegar Hill was carefully and slowly arranged according to all the forms of war, in the apparent hopes of catching the whole body of insurgents. It is well that they were able to escape by an accidental failure of the dispositions, for we were probably spared the disgrace of a cruel massacre. But a little more energy might have stamped out a rebellion at once which never gained a temporary success except by the gross carelessness of the officers opposed to it. The whole history may be taken to prove two or three useful morals, which should not be forgotten—such as that hesitation in dealing with the commencement of a rebellion may lead to the necessity of far greater severity afterwards, and—what is more apt to be forgotten—that unnecessary cruelty is very apt to provoke more than it deters; for the shame of beginning the disgraceful atrocities in question seems to rest with the officers who dealt with the first outbreak. We may hope that such lessons are now needless, especially as it is plain that no insurrection in our day can have a tenth part of the chances of that of 1798.

#### ARMSTRONG MAGNEY.\*

HERACLITUS GREY has missed his vocation. He might have been a good essayist, or a successful preacher, but he is a poor dramatist, and an unsatisfactory novelist. He can describe moral difficulties, and the various processes of thought which lead from conviction to unbelief, but he cannot draw character; and he can imagine startling circumstances of the most melodramatic kind, but he cannot tell a story. Yet we hesitate to speak as severely of *Armstrong Magney* as its vices of construction and narration deserve, because of the good and earnest moral intention on which it is founded; though, indeed, nothing is more exasperating than these shortcomings in execution on the part of authors who mean so well in design. It is so pitiable to see powers, which might be fairly utilized in their own proper direction, made of no avail to the public or their possessor simply by false application—to see a good essayist torturing speech into bad poetry, or a poet uttering tropes and figures in the pulpit, or a geometrician planning out a drama by square and plummet, or a dramatist at work on statistics, and grouping facts in artful light and shade as if they were characters with special parts to play. The knowledge of his own powers and their fitting work is one of the most important things to which an author can attain. In fact, it is the very basis of success in his career, for though industry will do much in the way of modification, it will neither create powers nor yet wholly stifle them. Now "Heraclitus Grey" has missed his way, like many another man before him. He is no more fitted to be a novelist than a born geometrician is fitted to be a dramatist, and in *Armstrong Magney* has shown all manner of talent but the right one. He might be put to anything rather than a novel, and would do better than he has done now. In the first place, the very groundwork of the story is too revolting for anything like pleasure; and pleasure of a kind must be the end and aim of every work of art that would succeed. The religious doubts of a pious clergyman are not at any time over lively reading; but what can we say to a story which bases its dramatic interest on the wrongs of a beautiful "gold-haired" Helen, who has been first drugged, then abused, by the brother of her pupils? Is it possible that a man wrote this? Is there any man living who could calmly set this down as a crime within the compass of an ordinary English gentleman, no

worse than his neighbours, and simply troubled with hot young blood? We remember a silly book, written by a lady, wherein the contemplation of such a crime formed one of the main elements of the story; but we did not think it possible that a man, writing of manly life, should have reproduced such an absurdity. A child is the consequence of the outrage; and the girl—who goes mad, and is put into a lunatic asylum at Mâcon, but who finds means of escape—wanders away to England, where she takes up her abode at Hamerton, the village where Armstrong Magney preaches, works, and doubts, and where the Mossingfords have their place of residence. Here she is visited by Magney, to whom she tells her story, without divulging the name of her ravisher; and, from certain expressions allowed to drop, the reader is led to suppose that the Rev. Armstrong is going to fall in love with her himself, and that he will exemplify the doctrine of Christian humility by making her his wife. In a short time the Mossingfords, who have been abroad, return to the old Hall, bringing with them Loris Cellini, their cousin, and the *fiancée* of Ronald, the eldest son. Loris has great dreamy eyes, and a wealth of night-black hair; she is a painter, a poet, a patriot, and altogether a high-souled young person; and the Rev. Armstrong Magney has to continually remind himself that she is Ronald Mossingford's *fiancée*, and that she is not likely ever to be his. Nevertheless, he falls in love with her, as the reader plainly sees; so that all the tentative efforts in the direction of the gold-haired Helen came to nought, and the result is a feeling of something like dust thrown in the eyes of the too confident or too confiding guesser at the plot. But Loris is engaged; and yet, though engaged, evidently not too much in love with her betrothed. She does not like a life of ease and luxury:—

I cannot enjoy such a life [she says], I can scarcely bear it, when I think of the poverty I have witnessed in Florence, and in Paris, and in London; and when I think of the many miseries of the world, I feel I ought to alleviate the wretchedness, or at least share it. Why should my life be a piece of the gold fringe that, to my eyes, so unsuitably disfigures, and not adorns, the foul, ragged robes in which humanity works and begs?

She says this one day when playing croquet in "a simple white muslin, with a ruching of black round the neck and wrists; the skirt, for convenience in croquet, looped up in front, also with black ruching, over the folds of a French-worked underskirt." And Armstrong answers her one way with his heart, and another with his lips; his lips say nothing very special, only that "we must all do our various duties. Only our own spirit can judge what work we were born for, or what our circumstances permit. But surely God will take care that no fair life shall be lived in vain." Yet this very mild exposition of feeling seems warm enough to demand an apology and explanation from the author, who reminds the reader that, as

Armstrong was a minister, it could not be wrong for him to talk to this beautiful woman like this. His vocation gave him the right—nay, demanded—that he should try to influence others for good. And really there was no possibility of harm to him or to this great-souled Italian; she was to be married to Mossingford—he never forgot that.

In time Ronald comes on the scene, and goes to church like the pattern squire he wishes to appear. Helen, too, goes to church; and Ronald sees her. He gives the conventional start, changes colour, and has a sudden headache; but nothing more self-betraying is said or done, and the beautiful Italian accepts the well-worn excuse as final and satisfactory. He soon, however, determines on his course of action; and goes up the next day to London, where he assumes a disguise, bribes the keeper of a lunatic asylum, and lays in train all the preparations needful for Helen's second forcible abduction and lodgment in a madhouse. His plot succeeds, and his victim is carried off *vi et armis* by a couple of stage ruffians, like nothing else in heaven or earth. By a superhuman exercise of sharpness Armstrong Magney ferrets out the facts of the case, but stops short at the place of poor Helen's imprisonment. He reproaches Ronald Mossingford in a very silly scene, and sets himself to discover his lost lamb. Meanwhile, before the abduction, Helen had been to Loris, to whom she told her shameful story; and Loris, very naturally and properly disgusted, is prepared to break off her engagement with her cousin. But while nerving herself to this, she sends for the Reverend Armstrong Magney to counsel her as to her duty, which would seem to plain folk, not afflicted with casuistic consciences, to be evident and straightforward enough. She is as near to loving her ghostly adviser as he is near to loving her, and they both know what each feels; but Armstrong counsels her to hold on, and to sacrifice herself to this utter villain, in the hope of winning him to a purer way:—

Listen, Miss Cellini. If my words seem to lay on you a heavy burden, yet they will not be spoken without deepest sympathy. I too have to make my sacrifices, which cost me more than life. I cannot indeed judge for you, but I give you my convictions faithfully. Your spirit will judge for you. Ronald has sinned—beyond the limit of expiation—against your sex, and so against you. But there is nothing sublimer in beauty, nor mightier in transforming power, than divine forgiveness. The only chance, I suppose, for his redemption from baseness, is your pardon and tender encouragement of him after the knowledge of his sin. The sacrifice may be terrible to you, but thus you are one with the Christ-life, with the true human life, for this is sacrifice. Do not fear that you will not be strong enough for any duty which you see is enjoined upon you; for in giving up self you put yourself in line with all the spiritual forces which flow through life, and on which the shams and appearances of human things glitter and fade; and these forces, whose name is God, will sustain you.

Loris uttered a low moan. "You bid me make the sacrifice, and I obey you—as God—if I have strength; but I am weak."

It was far too dangerous an interview to be prolonged, Armstrong knew. He rose to go. Ah, those deep eyes of beautiful supplication! His brain

\* *Armstrong Magney*. By Heraclitus Grey. London: Richard Bentley, 1867.

reeled. He had to choke down the words of passionate love that even now rose to his lips. He might at least kiss that exquisite hand held out to him? No, that kiss would transform his life—and hers—to heaven; and this world was to be no heaven to them, if they would reach to their highest duty. He must not make the terrible task harder for her.

Eventually, however, Ronald breaks off the engagement himself; Helen, captured and placed in the lunatic asylum, flings herself out of the window, and falls a "blood-bespattered corpse"; and Armstrong Magney leaves Hamerton and goes abroad. Here he meets with a young Frenchman who has just lost his wife and child, and with them all hope of life; and the two go up the Schreckhorn, under the care of Michel Dantin the guide. The Frenchman is lost, and Armstrong—who, like all casuists, loses sight of plain moralities while running after supernatural heroics—tells lies, puts himself forth as dead, and adopts the Frenchman's name and address in lieu of his own. This very silly little episode bears no fruit, however, for his brother advertises for him in unmistakable terms, and Armstrong answers him as if he had never been made dead at all. Then Lorissee sees the advertisement, and takes comfort from the belief it brings her; and the story ends with the meeting of the lovers in the Tuileries Gardens, where all is explained, confessed, and accepted, and where the style of love-making may be conjectured by this one small extract:—

"Sweet saint, beyond all speech. I love you, dearest Lorissee, before my own life, my own soul. Oh, Lorissee, this is bliss unspeakable, to tell you, by all my honour I love you, and to dare to dream that you may love me. May I hope this?"

"I do."

"Sweet, your eyes change the world to me. Heaven comes to me in your smile. You will teach me to hope now for all, and believe that in any utmost extremity an unexpected surprise may transform despair to rapture."

These are the last words of the book; and for this the reader is grateful to the author, for a long continuance of such would have been beyond the power of ordinary flesh and blood to bear. It is a great mistake in "*Heracitus Grey*" to attempt novel-writing at all. Nature has given him powers of no mean order if properly applied, but character-painting, dramatic situations, ease of narration, and interest of plot are not among the gifts of intellect with which he is endowed; and we trust that he will find a better use for his pen and his brains than novels which no one will like who reads, and no one will read unless obliged.

#### FRENCH THEORIES OF CHURCH AND STATE.\*

M. MIRON'S treatise on the relations of Church and State deserves notice from the extremely business-like air which pervades his treatment of the subject. He does not confine himself to theoretical discussions. He has the courage to bring his speculations to the test of practice. His book contains an actual draft of a bill, a *projet de loi*; and though many of its provisions apply in the first instance principally to France, they have also a more general interest, as indicating the direction which the views of the most advanced reformers are likely to take. To M. Miron all forms of Christianity, we might almost say all forms of religion, seem alike obnoxious; but, as this temper of mind is unfortunately far from uncommon among Continental Liberals, it must be largely allowed for in estimating the ecclesiastical changes of which they will probably be the promoters. European Liberalism is at this moment broadly divided into two schools. According to one of these, the end to be kept in view is twofold—the abolition of all the political and social privileges that have hitherto been accorded to the dominant Church, and the contemporaneous renunciation of whatever special control the State has exercised over the Church in right of these exceptional favours. According to the other school, the necessities of the case would be amply provided for by the withdrawal of all the privileges and the retention of all the control. Politicians of this type will be content with nothing short of a one-sided bargain. They are not prepared to face the consequences of an impartial extension of the principle of freedom over the whole sphere of religion. On the contrary, they will often admit that the extension of their own theories to ecclesiastical institutions requires to be closely watched and narrowly limited. They may not care to trouble themselves with either the management or the support of a religious body which is politically weak or socially insignificant, but they are loth to resign all share in the government of one which, either from its numbers, its traditions, or its wealth, has the capacity of becoming formidable. The recent action of the Italian Parliament furnishes a very pertinent instance of this temper. The formula "A free Church in a free State" has been accepted with enthusiasm by Liberals of all shades, but the first serious attempt at legislation based on this principle has already necessitated a dissolution, and may yet overthrow a Government. And yet Baron Ricasoli does but propose to subject the Church, once for all, to a heavy exceptional taxation, and then to let it shift for itself. His Bill deprives the Church of all rights which are not shared by every other religious body in the country, prevents it from ever again becoming a landholder, subjects its property to all the disadvantages attendant upon a compulsory sale, and mulcts it, for the national benefit, in one-third of the estimated proceeds; but all these characteristics have proved powerless to reconcile the bulk of the Liberal party to the proposed measure. They do not desire to see the Church really

free. Their idea of liberty consists merely in turning the tables on their opponents, and in substituting a despotism of the State over the Church for a despotism of the Church over the State. The distrust of Mr. Gladstone observable in a section of his supporters bears a close analogy to the feeling of many Italians towards Baron Ricasoli. Mr. Gladstone lost his seat for Oxford because he would no longer maintain the Church of England in a position of exceptional privilege, and he has failed to conciliate some important members of his party because he will not aid them in placing the Church in a position of exceptional disadvantage.

It is fair to say that M. Miron is in many respects considerably in advance of this sort of Liberalism. "On n'affermira la liberté, que quand on la respectera chez tous et surtout chez ses adversaires." The two first chapters of his *projet de loi* include a guarantee of equal freedom to all religions, as far as regards the management of their internal affairs, the nomination of their ministers, and the convention of their synods. He would remove all the restrictions on the intercourse of the Roman Catholic clergy with the Pope which are now maintained in France; permit French citizens to accept and exercise all ecclesiastical titles and functions without any previous authorization from their own Government; and allow of the foundation of any number of new religious orders, provided they lay no claim to State recognition or support. In all these respects M. Miron is ready to concede a degree of freedom to the Roman Catholic Church which would stagger some Liberals among ourselves. Even in England we fear he might still find "des démocrates prêts à réclamer des lois de proscription contre les religieux, et ne concevant pas que le droit commun puisse exister pour les jésuites;" and this without the excuse which, as he adds, may be pleaded in France—that the mass of the community, deprived of the natural right of association, is thereby led to regard as its enemies those who enjoy that right by favour. M. Miron's Liberalism breaks down just at the point where a Frenchman might be expected to prove weak. He is terribly impatient of anomalies or compromises of any kind; and this passion for consistency and symmetry leads him, in several instances, to advocate vexatious alterations for which he can show no adequate necessity. We may take, as instances of this, his views upon marriage, and upon education. Upon the first of these points he says, with perfect truth, that marriage has a character as a civil contract quite apart from any religious sanctity which may be attributed to it by particular Churches, and that in this former character the State has a right to determine the conditions under which it shall be performed. But why should this "union civile" be "régulée d'une manière uniforme pour tous les citoyens"? The State has one object before it—the securing the necessary publicity for the marriage contract, and the necessary permanence for the record of it. When these ends are attained, any further interference with individual convictions or prejudices is more or less tyrannical. M. Miron takes it very ill that in England and in the United States—"pays qui jouissent de nombreuses libertés et particulièrement de la liberté religieuse"—the fundamental distinction between the civil and the religious marriage is not yet established. It is revolting to his sense of order that one couple should be married by a civil officer and another couple by a minister of religion, one at the registrar's office and the other at the parish church, and that the law should count both unions valid. He would leave people free to undergo any ecclesiastical ceremonial they may think fit after they have been legally married, but he would insist upon the contract being entered into, in the first instance, "d'une manière uniforme." According to this view, a marriage celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey before half the members of both Houses ought to be condemned as wanting in the necessary publicity, while a marriage before a registrar in Whitechapel would be recognised as possessing this condition. Facts must be disregarded and consciences troubled for no more practical purpose than the establishment of "le grand et salutaire principe de la distinction du mariage civil et du mariage religieux."

On the education question M. Miron's views are not unlike those held by that section of Irish Liberals which objects to the practice of making Government grants to convent schools; and both seem equally unable to see that in the absence of any danger of proselytism, or so long as proper precautions are taken against it, the State is perfectly justified in using whatever machinery it finds ready to hand. M. Miron quotes certain statistics from a report of M. Duruy's, presented to the Emperor in March, 1865, from which it appears that upwards of seventeen thousand schools, containing considerably more than a million and a half of children, were at that time under the direction of religious congregations. In spite, however, of this testimony to their educational zeal, M. Miron insists upon the absolute withdrawal from their care of all schools supported by public money. This demand is not based on any proved or even alleged impossibility of reconciling their employment with the protection due to scholars of a different creed; it is defended by reasons which are equally applicable, if they are applicable at all, to places in which all the population is Roman Catholic, and perfectly ready to accept the religious instruction given to them. Among the religious orders, argues M. Miron, "la religion prend un caractère de bigoterie tout à fait puéril." But supposing this to be true, we do not see how a State which, on the writer's own showing, is to preserve an entire neutrality towards all creeds, can take cognizance of the fact. A religious observance which to one man seems puerile may seem to another highly edifying, and if the State is

\* *De la Séparation du Spirituel et du Temporel.* Par M. Miron. Paris: 1866.



to pronounce judgment upon questions of this kind, its professed neutrality will very soon degenerate into decided partisanship.

Perhaps the chapter in M. Miron's book which has most interest for English readers is the one in which he treats of ecclesiastical fabrics; and his remarks upon this point may supply a useful warning to some of the extreme advocates of Church-rates among ourselves. The system on which the fabric of a French parish church is maintained is exactly that which a conservative High-Churchman would like to see in operation here:—

Dans chaque paroisse il a été établi un être personnel appelé fabrique, chargé de l'entretien de l'église et de la direction de plusieurs détails du culte. Le conseil d'administration de la fabrique est constitué en vertu de réglemens publics, le maire en est membre de droit. Ce conseil pourvoit aux dépenses de la fabrique au moyen de ses ressources propres; mais on a prévu le cas où ces ressources seraient insuffisantes, et c'est la commune qui est chargée alors d'y suppléer. Chaque fois qu'il s'agit de grosses réparations, de dépenses extraordinaires, c'est la commune qui en fait les frais. Beaucoup de communes ont en outre construit de nouvelles églises, ainsi que des presbytères. Pour venir en aide aux communes pauvres, chaque département porte à son budget une somme qui est répartie entre elles par le préfet.

Besides this, a large number of churches, including almost all the cathedrals, are classed among historical monuments, and with respect to these the State charges itself with a part of the expenses necessary, "pour leur conservation, leur achèvement, ou leur perfectionnement." About 400,000*l.* of public money has been expended on the Cathedral of Notre Dame during the last twenty years, and St. Denis has cost the State not much less than 300,000*l.* The municipality of Paris has lately built seven or eight new churches at its own expense; and M. Miron calculates that the aggregate outlay incurred by the State, by the departments, and by the communes since 1801 is perhaps equal to the value of the buildings themselves. Nothing can be more admirable than this manifestation of French piety, but the very fact of its taking such a form makes it very difficult to resist the justice of M. Miron's conclusion—that in the event of any complete separation of Church and State the churches must be made over to the communes, at whose expense they have so long been kept up. He adds, it is true that "les églises devront être conservées avec un pieux respect"; that "à défaut du croyant, l'artiste et l'archéologue en seront les gardiens"; and further, that inasmuch as the style of these buildings renders them useless except for worship, it should be left to the commune in which they are situated "désigner le culte auquel chaque église sera destinée et d'en concéder temporairement l'usage, soit moyennant un loyer, amiablement réglé, soit même gratuitement." We commend this ideal settlement to the attention of the defenders of Church-rates in the House of Commons. It indicates pretty accurately the logical result of the theory which throws the support of the fabric of a church upon all the inhabitants of the parish. You cannot nowadays dissociate the idea of public outlay from the idea of public property. If you desire the churches to profit by the one, you must run the risk of having them counted as the other.

#### ANOTHER TOM SMITH.\*

"ANOTHER" Tom Smith is thus distinguished from Thomas Assheton Smith, "le grand chasseur Smit" as our neighbours called him when he travelled to Paris with Erskine, and at their interview with the First Consul monopolized the great conqueror's attention, to the extreme disgust of the brilliant and vain advocate. There were singular points of resemblance in the abilities, exploits, and habits of the two Tom Smiths, although Smith of Hampshire had no slate quarries in Camarvonshire, and no Tedworth with its broad acres. Yet, with comparatively small means and with few horses, the Squire of Droxford rode as hard, hunted as often, and spread his fame as far and wide as the millionaire of Vaynol. Besides their common love for sport, each of them had remarkable powers of invention and great love for mechanical and engineering science. Assheton Smith had a great knowledge of naval architecture, designed his own steam-yachts, and claimed to be the original inventor of the wave-line principle. Tom Smith invented a locomotive battery for use on ordinary roads which has been received with marked official approbation, and will very likely be used if occasion should unfortunately arise. He also designed a plan for the embankment of the Thames and for the removal of the metropolitan sewage not far different from that which has since been adopted. Assheton Smith planned all the railways and tramways in connexion with his Welsh slate-quarries; and Tom Smith devised the tramway on Ryde pier, for which thousands of wet and weary tourists must bless his memory. Another gift which the two Smiths shared in common was that of knowing how to fall. Assheton Smith declared that falling in the proper way was the most valuable accomplishment a fox-hunter could possess; and Tom Smith believes that "he has reduced falling to a science." The former indeed had not so much risk of falling, because he made a point of securing the best horses that could be obtained for money, and changed them frequently in the field; the latter had not the same advantages, and, from what we can gather from his book, in some of his most famous runs rode the same horse throughout. And as he has often sought danger when it might easily have been avoided, the result is that he has broken most of the bones in his body. As for

falling, he appears to have considered that a certain number of falls were a necessary part of the day's sport. Dining one day at Tottenham Park, the Duke of Gloucester, who was sitting opposite to him, expressed a hope that he was not hurt by a fall that he had had that day under the eyes of His Royal Highness. Mr. Smith's reply was, that he did not know which fall was alluded to:—

The Duke then said, "Pray, Sir, if you have had several falls in one day, how many do you get in a whole season?" This appeared too absurd to need any reply, and he endeavoured to evade an answer by turning to his neighbour, when he was startled by the Duke saying, in a loud peremptory tone, "Sir, when I ask a question, I expect an answer; let me ask you again, how many falls do you get in a season?" "Twenty, or more." "Twenty!" cried the Duke, and raising his eyes with a sort of devout expression, "thank God I'm not a foxhunter!"

There was a spice of recklessness sometimes in Mr. Tom Smith's riding that must have been distasteful to Assheton Smith, the *beau idéal* of a scientific horseman, who disliked anything sensational in the field, and despised it also. Perhaps it was partly on this account that the relations between the two Smiths were not quite so cordial as might have been expected from their common passion for the sport. Mr. Tom Smith, who is a clever draughtsman, has given us an illustration of a leap that he took, about the year 1828, over Elcot Park wall, 6 feet 2 inches high. Mounted on a favourite horse named The General, he rode at the wall,

but the horse ran his head up to it and then stopped short. He was then taken back about forty yards, and again put at it, and being well spurred, accompanied by a touch of the whip on the shoulder, he sprang over, to the surprise and, indeed, horror of the whole field, who thought it an act of madness, as the rider does now. On reaching the ground on the other side, the horse's fore feet gave way, and he came down on his chest, his rider's feet being dashed on the ground in a way that gave an awful shock; but the horse rose with him on his back, and he kept his seat for a short time, but long enough to allow him to stop the hounds. The men in the mean time had forced the door; when they reached him he was unconscious, but they held him on his horse until he got home, when he was bled, and carried insensible to bed. In three weeks he was again in the saddle, when he was told by some of his friends that they had ridden through the doorway which he had cleared.

This foolhardy feat does not deserve to be celebrated by a picture. It is extraordinary that a man's nerve should not be affected by several falls as bad, or nearly as bad, as the one described above; but Mr. Tom Smith seems to be made of iron. Only last year his horse swerved after a leap, and carried him against a tree, a branch of which struck him in the face and knocked him backwards over the horse's tail:—

He was stunned, and felt great pain, but insisted on being helped on his horse, stating that he always, after a fall, found it best to keep the blood in circulation by riding, and never omitted to drink a small glass of vinegar.

He happened to be near a cottage where vinegar was obtainable, and then he mounted his horse again, overtook the hounds, was in at the death, and only discovered that his ribs were broken by his inability to halloo "Whoop." This is good work for a septuagenarian. And there are plenty more falls in the book which will either deter or stimulate the young foxhunter, according to his temperament. It may fairly be asked what end is served by the publication of reminiscences such as these, which might lead some people to fancy that foxhunting is the sole object of existence. We believe that there are people who are really of that opinion, and we suspect that, as long as Mr. Tom Smith was master of hounds, hunting and hunting only was in his thoughts from morning to night and from night to morning. His disgust at Goddard, one of his huntsmen, for enjoying a calm and peaceful sleep the night after losing a fox, is very amusing:—"What!" cried the master; "find a fox, have a good run, go to bed and sleep without thinking what became of your fox?—you'll never be a huntsman as long as you live." But while we cannot help laughing at the idea of foxhunting being considered a serious and solemn duty, we must not shut our eyes to its manifold advantages. Apart from the healthy and invigorating character of the exercise, the foxhunter acquires a quick and correct eye for country that has often proved of great service in time of war. The Duke of Wellington made a point of choosing good riders to hounds for his *aides-de-camp*, and no better judge ever lived of the means that should be used for a given end. A foxhunter also, with those habits of observation which are commonly found in sporting men, gets an accurate knowledge of the agricultural state of his county, of the various systems of farming, of the actual condition of stock, and of the abilities and efficiency of tenant-farmers, which he would never obtain by walking or driving along turnpike roads in a lifetime. Mr. Smith is an example. He is an excellent practical farmer, and his opinion is held in such esteem that, after he had published a letter in favour of a new one-horse plough introduced by Messrs. Ransome of Ipswich, those manufacturers informed him that they sold upwards of two thousand in eighteen months.

As a master of hounds, "Another Tom Smith" has wandered far and wide. He has twice had the management of the Hambleton Hunt, and he has reigned over the Craven and Pytchley countries. Never having maintained very large establishments, he has often had to contend against difficulties. When he took the Pytchley he met with not a little opposition and not a little ridicule, for which there was some ground, seeing that he was about to show sport to the most fastidious field in England, without a huntsman, and with an untried pack. Lord Chesterfield's pack had been carried off by Lord Ducie, and Lord Chesterfield's men were not inclined to waste civilities on the

\* *Sporting Incidents in the Life of Another Tom Smith, &c.* London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

stranger. Mr. Smith dismissed them without ceremony, dressed up the feeder and a stable-helper in old red coats, and started off for Crick, not the most unfashionable meet in the country. Some hundred men in scarlet were there, and the remarks, it may be supposed, were the reverse of flattering to the new master. A fox was soon found, but when the hounds threw up the scent after two fields, the grumbings waxed louder and louder. Mr. Smith was not to be frightened, and got his hounds skilfully away from the bulk of the field, and had an excellent run over a fine grass country for fifty-five minutes, Lord Cardigan and the master being the only two up at the death. Curiously enough, on the next hunting-day, not a man but himself saw the hounds after the first five minutes. The fox was killed after a run of several miles, and Mr. Payne told the master that when the field got to the top of Hemplow Hills, and could see neither horse nor hounds in any direction, "men went galloping about in all directions, and the scene beggared description." Mr. Smith was too much of a workman for the swells, who liked a burst of five-and-twenty minutes and no more. He hunted for the sake of hunting, and as a scientific pursuer of an animal that cannot be taken without thought and skill; they hunted for the sake of steeple-chasing, and to see which could keep first place till all were tired of trying. On one occasion, when the hounds were on the line of a fox, but had come to slow hunting, an influential member of the hunt, in the name of his brother sportsman, requested the master to find a fresh fox. "Certainly not," said he. "Then we shall go home," said they. "I can't help that," said he; "we can kill our fox without you." And they went home, all except the Duke of Buccleuch, who stayed with the master, and the two together got on their fox, ran him for five-and-twenty minutes over a splendid grass country, and killed him. This independence did not suit the members of the Pytchley Hunt, and we fancy the airs of the midland gentlemen did not suit Mr. Smith, for he did not retain the management very long. The fact is that Mr. Smith is a huntsman born and bred, and has no pity for the stupid blunders of men who pass current as sportsmen. We could quote several passages from this book illustrative of the jealousy towards a true hunting genius that is displayed both by amateur and professional huntsmen. It is the same in shooting, in cricket, in everything. A man who makes mistakes now and then is pardoned, and is rather liked for them. A man who never makes mistakes, but always detects those made by others, commits an offence for which there is no forgiveness in this world. We do not wonder at Mr. Smith having resigned his masterships so often. We have no doubt that he has enjoyed his favourite sport much more when freed from the cares and annoyances of office. We trust that he may live to a ripe old age, and hunt to the last, for a more thorough sportsman never rode across the pastures of Northamptonshire or along the slopes of the South Downs.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third and concluding volume of Heine's Correspondence\* will not add to his reputation as an author or a man, but is interesting as a curious study of a poet on the prosaic side of his character—the side which in his works he keeps as far as possible out of sight. This consideration may help to soothe the victims of the ingenuity of Herr Campe, who has secured a sale for a collection of letters about money-matters by publishing them as the last volume of Heine's works. "Buy my business correspondence, or put up with an imperfect set," is substantially the dilemma he propounds to the possessors of Heine's writings; and the strength of his position is unquestionable. Very much might be said of the taste and delicacy of indiscriminate publications of correspondence, but it must in fairness be admitted that a proscription of trivial remarks and private matters would be equivalent to a proscription of Heine's entire correspondence. The matter is as commonplace as the style is delightful. We have always questioned the justice of representing Heine as the conscious and convinced apostle of any intellectual tendency. His correspondence proves that ideas had not the least hold upon him. Writing from France, he has not a word to say about the Revolution in the midst of which he lived; writing to Germans, he never even alludes to the struggles which engrossed the best energies of the nation. Of philosophical reflection there is not a trace; scarcely a word even of literary criticism. Everything relates to business affairs, and to the personages, generally very insignificant, who had in one way or another come into collision with him on pecuniary matters. Voltaire's speculations afford the nearest parallel that occurs to us, but Voltaire's undignified squabbles with contractors and financiers did not interfere with a far more extensive correspondence, relating to the most important questions that concern humanity. Heine's letters have no other interest than that attaching to their incomparable style, and the lively picture they present of the business transactions of a successful but embarrassed author, aware of his value, and determined to make the most of it. On the whole, Heine appears in this correspondence as a man devoid of principles or convictions of any sort, but quite willing to affect them for the sake of popularity; as good-natured and kindly disposed till he fancied himself injured or slighted, and then capable of any outrage in

the delirium of mortified vanity; as unable to arrive at any consistent rule of conduct, or any comprehension of social duty, but one whose sole aim was to push himself as far as he could, and make the most of his talents and opportunities, both as regarded fame and profit. This is to judge him by the standard he himself set up when he came forward as a political and social reformer. Otherwise, his character is not devoid of pleasing traits. We find real affection for his wife, mother, and brothers, with general good feeling to all men till they cross his path. When, however, this happens, he loses all self-control; no controversies were ever before so devoid of magnanimity, or even decency. Yet he seems to have rarely been the aggressor, or to have been actuated by envy, the cause of five-sixths of all literary feuds. Being written during the last melancholy years of his life, these letters are naturally full of allusions to his bodily afflictions. We may suspect him of turning these to the best literary account, as he did everything else. Yet, with every such allowance, the anguish was undoubtedly intense, and the endurance of the patient heroic. It is a puzzle to the psychologist to find such stoicism united to so much childish irritability and irrational caprice.

A much less amusing correspondence, but far more honourable to the parties, is that between Goethe and Count von Sternberg.\* While Heine, affecting the deepest concern for the progress of humanity, took no real interest in anything but what could be made auxiliary to his pocket or his renown, Goethe, inspired by the pure love of knowledge, worked steadily in fields from which he could reap neither glory nor emolument. These letters relate almost wholly to geology and mineralogy, and prove how ardently, and at the same time how patiently, Goethe explored this branch of his multifarious inquiries. The science of that day is of course wholly antiquated at present, and the letters introduce us to no brilliant discoveries. Nor do we find many memorable sayings. What is truly remarkable is the settled earnestness, the almost religious awe, with which Goethe approaches the study of nature. It is the exact spirit of his works, and shows how entirely the poet and the man were at one. Count Sternberg was a man after Goethe's own heart, an aristocrat by nature and feeling, as well as by birth. He held it to be the duty of the aristocracy to place themselves at the head of all movements that tended to promote the general good, and his life was a continuous effort to act upon his principles.

The appearance of a history of modern Turkey† is certainly seasonable at the present juncture. The most obvious lesson of Dr. Rosen's pages is not to despair too hastily of the Ottoman State, or indeed of any other. The diurnal report of the "sick man's" symptoms is indeed so dismal that we can hardly avoid regarding them as the harbingers of speedy dissolution. They might be so if they were recent; but an oblivious generation may learn from Dr. Rosen that not only are they of long standing, but that they have been greatly ameliorated since Sultan Mahmoud undertook the cure. This remarkable ruler is especially remarkable for having accomplished the grand object of his life in spite of constant failures in all his separate undertakings. His reign was a series of such calamities and mortifications as usually befall only the most incapable sovereigns, yet he left behind him a strong central authority, an organized administration, and a united people. Whatever the corruption or oppression of Turkish rule, there is now none of that frightful anarchy which Mahmoud found on his accession. The Turks may be expelled from their possessions by a stronger Power, but they will not fall to pieces by their own dissensions. The incidents of Mahmoud's eventful reign are clearly and attractively narrated by Dr. Rosen.

Fessler's History of Hungary‡ is a standard work, which has practically become a new one through the manipulations it has received from Herr Klein. The principles on which the revision has been undertaken are apparently sound, and, so far as the publication has yet advanced, the result of the editor's labours appears very satisfactory.

Michael Horváth's § work embraces a more recent, and to most people more interesting, period of Hungarian history than Fessler's. It should be especially interesting to Englishmen, because in some respects so very like our own—a resemblance which the Hungarians themselves are not slow to recognise. It is the story of legal and constitutional resistance to arbitrary power, not to gain new liberties, but to make the old ones good. As with us, it degenerated for a time into a revolutionary movement, after which it returned to the path of peaceful agitation, and eventually achieved by justice what had been denied by arms. It is a rare example of a movement in the direction of liberty without any alloy of democracy or socialism. The cause probably is that the Hungarian, dwelling among races greatly his inferiors, is to a certain extent

\* *Briefe von Heinrich Heine*. Th. 3. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Kaspar Graf von Sternberg*. Herausgegeben von F. T. Bratranek. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte der Türkei, vom dem Siege der Reform im Jahre 1826 bis zum Pariser Tractat vom Jahre 1856*. Von G. Rosen. Th. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte von Ungarn*. Von J. A. Fessler, bearbeitet von Ernst Klein. Mit einem Vorwort von M. Horváth. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Fünf und zwanzig Jahre aus der Geschichte Ungarns, von 1823-1848*. Von Michael Horváth. Aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt von J. Novelli. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.



an aristocrat. He must deprecate any assertion of his rights on such grounds as would admit the Slovack and the Wallack to an equality with himself. Although M. Horváth is a political exile, his book is strongly impressed with this sentiment of moderation. It is very comprehensive, almost too much so for those not immediately interested in the transactions it details. The weak point is also the weak point of the Hungarian cause itself—the contemptuous treatment of other nationalities whose claims to independence are as well founded as those of the Magyars.

Johannes Bugenhagen\* is regarded as one of the fathers of the Lutheran Church. He was especially esteemed as a pastor, and was undoubtedly a pious and energetic man. We do not find, however, that he possessed any peculiar force of intellect, or represented any leading tendency of the Reformation. The principal event of his life was his mission to Denmark, to crown the King and Queen of that country, when he took a leading part in the reorganization of the Danish Church. The Bishop of Oxford has recently implied that he did his work very ill, having omitted to provide himself with the apostolic succession. The Danes seem to have thought, and still to think, otherwise.

Zwingli† was a much greater man, and his biography is of quite another order of interest. The Zurich Reformer had more in common with the modern European world than either Luther or Calvin. Born and brought up in a free country, he was less trammelled by conventional restrictions than Luther, and able to enter more heartily into politics, and to depart more widely from the established doctrines. If inferior to Luther in force and geniality, he was more careful, logical, and consistent, had a clearer comprehension of his mission as a whole, and was exempt from those eccentric ebullitions with which the greater Reformer occasionally gratified his enemies and scandalized his friends. He also sympathized more fully with the culture of his day, and the germs of many modern ideas may be detected in his comparatively liberal theology. Herr Moriköfer's biography is very interesting, and evidently founded on a careful examination of all available materials. The first volume brings Zwingli's history down to 1526.

Two lectures by Dr. Uhlhorn‡, a Hanoverian divine, respectively describe the city as it existed before the Reformation, and the dramatic incidents which accompanied this latter great event. Both are full of interest. A third should have been added on the present condition of the city, and we should then have had a miniature representation of the changes of five hundred years.

Marcellus of Ancyra§ was a bishop of the fourth century, who wrote books. They are lost. Other bishops wrote books against him; these are also lost. It is therefore difficult to make out what he taught, or what manner of man he was, except that he must certainly have been a very unlucky man. He contrived to quarrel both with the Athanasians and the Arians, and spent his life in getting himself anathematized, excommunicated, and deposed by both parties. Some say that he was both an Ebionite and a Sabellian, which we humbly conceive to be impossible. His present biographer thinks, on the contrary, that he was a worthy and orthodox divine, who had preserved the sound traditions of Irenæus, whatever these may be. Ecclesiastical paleontology is evidently very remote from the perfection of the secular branch of the science.

A history of modern Catholic theology by Dr. Werner||, and another of Protestant theology by the celebrated Dörner¶, are both meritorious works, and present many curious points both of resemblance and of contrast. Dr. Werner's volume is full of names illustrious from his point of view, but of which the world at large has simply never heard. We by no means contest the talent and erudition ascribed by him to these writers, but this merely shows how hopelessly they are separated from the great intellectual current of modern Europe. Recent events have indeed called a more brilliant and lively school into existence, but unfortunately one as noted for the lack of calm good sense as the great divines of antiquity were for the possession of it. Dörner's pages, on the contrary, are full of names of the most undoubted distinction; but unhappily we are sure to find that the more truly illustrious any of these coryphæi was, the less was he according to the mind of Dr. Dörner. The work is brought down to last year, and written with a copiousness, moderation, and accuracy worthy of the highest praise. The same may be said of Dr. Werner's volume.

An essay on the condition of the Protestant Church in Germany\*\* pleads for an extension of its liberties. There never was, we fear,

a period when the ruling powers were less disposed to part with any means of strengthening their influence. Many German pastors will also reflect that the proportion of liberty enjoyed by any Church is usually the measure of its disposition and ability to oppress an unpopular minority in its own bosom.

The completion of Herzog's *Cyclopædia of Protestant Theology*\*, and a seventh improved edition of Winer's *Grammar of New Testament Greek*, deserve notice from the great value of the respective works, on which it is unnecessary to dwell any further. Another very comprehensive *Hebrew Grammar*† is published from the MS. of the late Friedrich Böttcher.

A history of the imperial tribunals of the middle ages‡, and another of the organization of the commune in Germany||, are, in their respective ways, important contributions to the history of German law. A history of the laws of the Duchy of Schleswig¶ possesses a more special and exclusive interest. We may also mention Mommsen's fine edition of the *Pandects*\*\*, of which only the text of the first ten books is as yet published.

Herr Drobisch††, in a thoughtful essay, laboriously follows the late Mr. Buckle's example in elucidating the ancient dispute between freedom and necessity by the light derived from statistical returns. Is not, it is asked, the constant uniformity of the statistics of crime and suicide evidence of the operation of a general law, leaving no room for freedom of the will? Admitting the force of the argument, Herr Drobisch appears nevertheless to argue for a qualified freedom; but, as is frequently the case, his concessions are so extensive as to leave little worth contending for.

Nicolaus Cusanus‡‡ was a German cardinal, "monstrum corvo rarius albo," as a contemporary expressed it. He flourished in the fifteenth century, and was an ardent promoter of learning. He bequeathed his numerous manuscripts to a hospital founded by him, which treated them with the usual negligence of charitable institutions. In one of those which have escaped destruction or dispersion a laborious philologist has discovered fragments of the lost orations of Cicero against Piso, and in defence of Fonteius, which are here published with other excerpts.

The second part of Gomperz's "*Studies from Herculaneum*"§§ contains the text of Philodemus "On Piety," with photo-lithographic facsimiles. The introduction and notes are deferred for the present.

An essay on Herder's *Cid*||| offers an amusing illustration of the fallibility of criticism. Foreigners have censured, and his own countrymen have commended, Herder for the strong infusion of the German spirit which they fancied they had discovered in that work. He has disfigured those grand old ballads, said one party; he has naturalized them in the Fatherland, said the other. It now appears that Herder simply took nearly all his work from a French prose translation, which he rendered, errors and all, as literally as he could.

Ribbeck's translation of the *Knights* of Aristophanes¶¶ is line for line with the original, and generally excellent. The Greek text is also given, with copious notes, both critical and exegetical.

Rudolph Gottschall\*\*\*, a poet of considerable reputation among his contemporaries, publishes a series of plays, which he modestly desires to be considered as merely studies in the dramatic art. They all bear testimony to a high degree of culture, and the tragedies evince considerable poetic power. They are perhaps even too poetical, with too many set speeches and too little action. It is easier to compose eloquent tirades than to exhibit mankind as it is. *Charles XII.* and *Catharine Howard* are nevertheless fine plays, though both would be improved by greater condensation and a more rigid abstention from everything like fine writing. The *Diplomatists* is a lively picture of Court intrigue on a large scale.

\* *Real-Encyclopædie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. Herausgegeben von Dr. Herzog. Bd. 21. Gotha: Besser. London: Nutt.

† *Grammatik des neutestamentlichen Sprachidioms*. Von G. B. Winer. Siebente vermehrte Auflage, besorgt von G. Lüdemann. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Nutt.

‡ *Ausführliches Lehrbuch der Hebräischen Sprache*. Von F. Böttcher. Herausgegeben von F. Mühlau. Bd. 1. Hett 1. Leipzig: Barth. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Das Reichshofgericht im Mittelalter*. Von Dr. Otto Franklin. Bd. 1. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Nutt.

|| *Geschichte der Dorferfassung in Deutschland*. Von G. L. von Maurer. Bd. 1. Erlangen: Enke. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Geschichte des öffentlichen und Privat-Rechts des Herzogthums Schleswig*. Von C. L. E. von Stemann. Th. 2. Copenhagen: Gyldendal. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Justiniani Digestorum seu Pandectarum Libri I—X*. [Edited by T. Mommsen.] Berolini: apud Weidmannos. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Die moralische Statistik und die menschliche Willensfreiheit. Eine Untersuchung*. Von M. W. Drobisch. Leipzig: Voss. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Ueber eine Handschrift von Nicolaus von Cues, nebst ungedruckten Fragmenten Ciceronischer Reden*. Von J. Klein. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Herkulanische Studien*. Von Theodor Gomperz. Hft. 2. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

||| *Herder's Cid und seine Französische Quelle*. Von Reinhold Kühler. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶¶ *Die Ritter des Aristophanes. Griechisch und Deutsch, mit kritischen und erklärenden Anmerkungen*. Von W. Ribbeck. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Asher & Co.

\*\*\* *Dramatische Werke*. Von Rudolf Gottschall. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

\* *Johannes Bugenhagen Pomeranus. Leben und ausgewählte Schriften*. Von K. A. T. Vogt. Eiberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

† *Ulrich Zwingli. Nach den urkundlichen Quellen*. Von J. C. Moriköfer. Th. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Zwei Bilder aus dem kirchlichen Leben der Stadt Hannover*. Vorträge von Gerhard Uhlhorn. Hannover: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Marcellus von Ancyra. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Theologie*. Von Theodor Zahn. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

|| *Geschichte der Katholischen Theologie seit dem Tridentiner Concil bis zur Gegenwart*. München: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Geschichte der Protestantischen Theologie, besonders in Deutschland*. Von Dr. J. A. Dörner. München: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Die politische Lage und die Zukunft der Evangelischen Kirche in Deutschland*. Von einem Deutschen Theologen. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

*Pitt and Fox* would appear almost ludicrous in England; its success in Germany is a striking proof how necessary it is for historical themes, when represented on the stage, to be mellowed and idealized by time and distance.

Hermann Lingg\* has written several lyrical poems of remarkable beauty. He has no genius for more ambitious strains, if we may judge by the second book of his epic on the overthrow of the Roman Empire. He seems minded to turn the whole history into rhyme, instead of selecting a single picturesque episode, which might have served as a miniature representation of the entire subject. The result is a dead level of prolix and unimpassioned narrative. His octaves are very elegant in language and metre, but there is scarcely a trace of poetic elevation.

The biographical novel is a very favourite style of composition with authors who lack invention, and readers who lack taste. Herr Pflug†, one of the former, has spoiled the history of Prince Eugene for the entertainment of the latter. "The Heart's Secrets"‡ were hardly worth disclosing.

\* *Die Völkerversanderung*. Epische Dichtung. Von Hermann Lingg. Zweites Buch. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der kleine Abbe von Satoyen*. Historischer Roman. Von Ferdinand Pflug. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Herzensegeheimnisse*. Von Elise Polko. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Asher & Co.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

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**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**—LAST EVENING PERFORMANCE but One, on Saturday Afternoon, March 23, at Three o'clock. Executants: Madame Schumann, M.M. Joachim, L. Riea, Henry Blagrove, Platt, Reynolds, Lazarus, C. Harper, and Winterbottom. Vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. The Programme will include Schubert's Octet (repeated by desire); Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata for Piano alone, &c. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.—LAST EVENING CONCERTS of the Season, Mondays, March 18, 25, and April 1.

**GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on Thursday Evening,** March 28, at St. James's Hall. To commence at Eight. Joachim, Hallé, Platti. Orchestra, the full Saturday Band of the Crystal Palace (by kind permission of the Directors), conducted by Mr. Naisne.—Mr. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, Director of the Monday Popular Concerts, desirous of affording his Subscribers and the Public an opportunity of hearing Herr Joachim perform some of the works of the great Masters with Orchestra, previous to his departure from England on the 2nd of April, begs to announce a **GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**, in St. James's Hall, on Thursday Evening, March 28. The Programme will include Beethoven's Triple Concerto, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, to be performed by Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Platti; Spohr's Dramatic Concerto, for Violin, by Herr Joachim, &c. Vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Area (Unreserved), 3s.; Gallery and back of Area, 1s.—Tickets may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Regent Street.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—The RECORD of 1866, with a View and Description of the Tomb of Beethoven, is this day sent to Members with their Tickets. New Talent is engaged for the present season.—Subscriptions paid to Asmows & Pannay, or by Cheque to J. ELLA, 18 Hanover Square.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY,** on Monday next (17th Inst.), in a New Entertainment, A DREAM IN VENICE, by T. W. Robertson, Esq., in which Miss S. GALTON will also appear. After which THE WEDDING BREAKFAST, by Mr. JOHN PARRY. Every Evening, except Saturday, at Eight; Thursday and Saturday at Three.—ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

**ST. MARTIN'S GREAT HALL.—EXHIBITIONS for the PEOPLE.**—The AZTECS and the MUSICAL ALPHABET, in conjunction with Russian Phantasmagoria, Polish Agiokopli, and Chinese Chromotopes—the first time in England, commencing on Monday, March 25, at Eight o'clock. Wednesdays and Saturdays, at Three and Eight.—Admission, Body of Hall and Gallery, 1s.; Numbered seats, 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; Children under Twelve, Half-price.—Seats may be secured at the Hall daily from Eleven till Four.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

**SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is NOW OPEN, at Pall Mall East. Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s. WILLIAM GALLOWAY, Secretary.

**ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION SOCIETY, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.**

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., LL.D., F.S.A., President.

The Council beg to announce that the ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society will open, as usual, the last Week in April. Drawings to be sent in on or before Friday or Saturday, the 5th and 6th of April, after which no Drawings will be received.

ROBERT W. EDIS, M.R.I.B.A. Hon. Sec.

HOWLAND PLUMBE, M.R.I.B.A.

**MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn Street.**—NOTICE.—This Museum is NOW OPEN from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. on Mondays and Saturdays. Admission Free. By Order.

**ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, 4 St. Martin's Place.**—Tuesday, 19th inst., at 8 P.M., "On the ORIGIN of LANGUAGE," Dr. Bell. "The GYPSIES of BENGALE," BASU RAJENDRALALA MITRA.

**VICTORIA INSTITUTE, 9 Conduit Street.—ORDINARY MEETING.** Monday, March 18, at 8 P.M. DISCUSSION upon Mr. Warrington's Paper "On the CREDIBILITY of DARWINISM," read March 4.—Admission by Ticket, or the Personal Introduction of Members and Associates.

**POLITICAL ECONOMY.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.**—A COURSE of Ten or Twelve LECTURES on VALUE, RENT, WAGES, PROFIT, &c., and CURRENCY, the subjects of Professor GAINES' Second COURSE, will be delivered for him by Professor WALEY, and will commence on Thursday, March 21, at 5 P.M., and be continued at the same hour on succeeding Thursdays. Fee, £1 1s. 6d. CH. CASSAL, LL.D., Dean of the Faculty of Arts. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

March 1867.

**INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.**

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, and 13th of April next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be EVENING MEETINGS on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock. Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Commerce and for War, will be read at this Meeting.

Naval Architects, Shipbuilders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers who propose to read papers before the Institution, are requested immediately to send in their Papers, with illustrative Drawings, to the Secretary.

Candidates for admission as Members or as Associates are requested to send in their Applications immediately. The Annual Subscription of £2 2s. is payable on admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding year.

\* A Volume VII. of the "TRANSACTIONS," containing a Nominal and General Index to the Seven Volumes, is now complete, and in course of delivery to the Members and Associates.

CHARLES CAMPBELL, Assistant-Secretary.

7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

**MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1867.**—There will be an ELECTION in June next, to EIGHT SCHOLARSHIPS, viz.:

TWO SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of £50 a year each. A "BERENS" and an "IRELAND" SCHOLARSHIP of the annual value of £17 and £14 respectively.

These Four Scholarships are tenable as long as the holders shall continue members of the College.

Candidates must have been under Fifteen Years of Age on January 1, 1867.

Also, FOUR JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS tenable for Two Years, of the value of £30 each. The age of Candidates must have been under Fourteen on January 1, 1867.

The "IRELAND" is limited to Sons of Clergymen, the rest entirely open.

In the case of a successful Candidate not being a member of the College, a Free Nomination worth £20 will be given.

Further particulars will be supplied on application to Mr. W. P. SELLICK, the College, Marlborough.

**CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—TWO**

SCHOLARSHIPS (each of the annual value of £70) will be open to Competition on April 25, 1867, to all Boys who were under the age of Fifteen on January 1, 1867.

All particulars to be had by application to the SECRETARY, at the College.

Candidates' Names must be sent in not later than April 10.

**CLIFTON COLLEGE.—A SCHOLARSHIP of £25 a year,**

tenable for Four Years at the College, will be competed for in April. It is open to BOYS who were under Fourteen on the 1st of January last. The successful Candidate must join the College after Easter, if not already in it. The Examination will commence on Tuesday, April 2.—Further information may be obtained of the HEAD-MASTERS, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

Clifton College Company, Limited.

**BRADFIELD.—ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield,**

near Reading.—Incorporated by Royal Charter. One Exhibition of £50 and one of £25 will be Open in April next to Candidates for admission to this School. For information, apply to the Warden, Rev. THOMAS STEVENS, Bradfield, near Reading; or to the Honorary Secretary, J. H. PATTERSON, Esq., at his Chambers, 1 Elm Court, Middle Temple, London.

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